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TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

(Published SIX TIMES a Year)



Editor: K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The printing of Vol. VI, No. 3 (Nov-Dec 1933) was delayed so long that we were able to publish it only during the last week of April 1934. It has become impossible to publish Nos. 4, 5 and 6 of Vol. VI and make up for lost time. We have been obliged, with the utmost regret, to cut them out and to start afresh with Vol. VII No. 1. (July-Aug 1934). This step does not cause any monetary loss to our subscribers, as we intend to supply them with Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of Vol. VII instead of Nos. 4, 5 and 6 of Vol. VI. No subscriber will be required to renew the annual subscription until SIX numbers of the journal are supplied. Thus, subscribers who have paid Rs. 6 for one year (July 1933 to June 1934) will renew their subscriptions and pay a further sum of Rs. 6 at the beginning of January 1935 instead of in July 1934. Similar adjustments will be made regarding others also.

We make a special appeal to all subscribers to extend their kind indulgence to TRIVENI and forgive these delays.

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JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

Editor: K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the elect. All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom and Power!

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ILLUSTRATIONS

. . . he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure!
—The Song Celestial

'The Triple Stream'

THE NEW 'TRIVENI'

The last volume of *Triveni* was commenced under happy auspices, but like an ugly sum in arithmetic it went wrong somewhere. Even as the impatient schoolboy rubs it out and starts working a fresh sum, the Editor abandons the sixth volume half-way and begins the seventh.

The cover design for the new year is the handiwork of Adivi Bapiraju, the gifted Andhra poet and painter. When *Triveni* was born in 1928, Bapiraju designed the first cover and acted as Associate Editor for a time. After six years, this dear friend once again stamps *Triveni* with his genius. He calls up a vision of the *Triveni* of our dreams, the goddess of the flowing dark tresses, floral crowned and decorated with the *makara* (crocodile), the *kurma* (tortoise) and the *padma* (lotus). These three are the *vahanas* (vehicles) of the Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati, the three streams which symbolize the power, the love, and the wisdom of the *Triveni.*

The frontispiece is a reproduction in colours of Ananda Mohan's painting in Moghul style, 'The Supreme Offering'. It depicts the famous episode of the Emperor Babar offering his life, in order that his dearly loved son Humayun may be snatched from Death. Like the old court painters of Agra and Delhi, Ananda Mohan works out the minutest details with infinite care, and produces a picture of exquisite beauty and grace.

Triveni starts again on its course. Being an incurable optimist, the Editor hopes it will nevermore lose its way.

THE GREATEST INDIANS

Mr. K. Iswara Dutt indulges in the 'pleasant pastime' of naming the eleven greatest living Indians. His list is almost

ideal, and likely to meet with the approval of thinking men everywhere. But which amongst us is without personal preferences? For instance, the Editor would not deem any list satisfactory if it left out Sri Aurobindo and Sri J. Krishnamurti, who have not only 'affected the mind of their generation' but promise to change the trend of human thought and aspiration for ages yet unborn. When Time takes its revenges, these two may be remembered and their names cherished, along with that of Gandhiji, as the three greatest Indians of the twentieth century. Mr. Iswara Dutt's list would improve vastly by their inclusion, even at the risk of omitting two out of the three votaries of science. Similarly the great art movement of today in India owes its inception and its success to Doctors Ananda Coomaraswamy and Abanindranath Tagore. The name of one of the politicians may give place to that of either of these interpreters of Indian art.

These are suggestions offered in a spirit of friendliness and not meant to detract from the value of Mr. Dutt's roll of illustrious Indians, every one of whom is entitled to our respectful homage. Mr. Dutt's is a closely reasoned and sprightly essay; it ought to bring as much pleasure to the readers of *Triveni* as it did to the Editor himself. Modern India is rich in its great men and women, and we can never have too many of them.

THE CONGRESS

With the virtual withdrawal of civil disobedience as a weapon for the winning of Swaraj, and the decision to contest the elections to the Assembly, the Congress becomes a constitutional body functioning under normal conditions. The Government, on their side, have raised the ban on all Congress organisations, and Congressmen are therefore busy setting their house in order and taking up the threads that were snapped during the first week of January 1932. To all outward appearance, the Congress has suffered a reverse.

The position seems to be very much like what it was at the Amritsar session of the Congress in December 1919.

The White Paper replaces the Montford Reforms of that day. Only a thin line then separated the Liberals and the Nationalists, which became a wide gulf when the former allied themselves with Montagu to form provincial ministries and the latter boycotted the legislatures. Today too, the difference between the Congressman and the non-Congress nationalist is mainly one of temperament. For there is no talk of wrecking the legislatures or of consistent and continuous obstruction. Opposition to the White Paper and the demand for the repeal of repressive laws are negative items, and not enough to mark the Congress off from the other parties. As the months pass, however, differences in outlook are bound to be emphasised between those that sacrificed their all in order to engage in a perilous fight with the Government, and the rest who quietly walked into the legislatures and the cabinets while that fight was at its grimmest. Despite occasional set-backs, the Congress is the one political body with a nation-wide following. A well-disciplined phalanx of selfless workers can offer battle on the only front that seems available, and compel the Government to respect the wishes of a Constituent Assembly. Communal and parochial interests may seek to cloud the issue, but the Congress retains the nation's love as well as the right to speak on the nation's behalf.

BUILDING FROM WITHIN

There are thousands of Congress workers in every province who are unable to enthuse themselves over the councils. They are in sympathy with the Congress, and may help it in the coming elections. But council work as such has no appeal for them. They feel that the reasons for which the Congress boycotted the legislatures in 1920 are still valid. These Congressmen formed the bulk of the 'no-changers' of 1924. Once the elections are over, they would like to devote their entire energy to those nation-building activities that have all along constituted their first love. Work in the councils can absorb but a fraction of the time and attention of

the Congress. The huge task of harnessing the enthusiasm of youth and the wisdom of advancing years to constructive ends will naturally fall to the Congress.

But alongside of such tangible outer activity, there must be a process of building from within for every Congress worker. For over a decade, the flower of the nation have given up wealth, comfort, and careers. During a period of stress and misfortune, even intellectual nourishment has been eschewed as a luxury fit only for more peaceful times. A whole generation of young men and women has denied itself the culture that sustains and uplifts. While their emotions have been enriched, their intellect has been starved. We believe it was this aspect of the nation's struggle that Dr. Hardiker had in view when he pleaded for an opportunity for quiet study and recuperation. Art and literature, history and philosophy are the most prized possessions of a race, and continued neglect of them will lead to impoverishment of the spirit. Institutions like the Kashi Vidyapith, the Gujarat Vidyapith, and the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala ought to address themselves to this supreme duty of giving the workers a chance to come into direct contact with the springs of national culture. After a period of study and meditation, they may go forth to re-organise the countless villages in the land as efficient units of a Swaraj India.

NORTH AND SOUTH

The Hindi *pracharaks* of South India had a very eventful tour in the North. Everywhere, they were welcomed most warmly. Ruling Princes like H. H. The Maharaja Gaekwad, and learned bodies like the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, praised their work as a valuable contribution to a closer association between North and South. His Highness, in particular, signified his desire to have the best literature in the South Indian languages translated into Hindi. At Santiniketan, the Poet admitted that Hindi had the largest claims to become the national language of India. But he emphasised the need for a more intensive cultivation of the different provincial

literatures. The best work could be done only through the mother-tongue of a writer, and therefore literary men all over India should employ that medium. According to him, it is the duty of scholars in Hindi provinces to enrich their literature by translating the masterpieces in the other Indian languages. The Poet's view ought to receive the widest attention.

Another batch of South Indians left Madras early in July, not to tour North India, but to settle down at important centres of Hindi learning and study Hindi in its purest form for some years. As a complement to this process of emigration from the South, groups of students from the Hindi-speaking provinces should similarly settle down at Bangalore, Madura, or Masulipatam to make a study of the South Indian languages. A decade of such cultural contact will break down the barriers of language and promote a keener appreciation of the literature of each province.

THE 'RAMAYANA'

The epic of Valmiki is not merely the earliest poem in classical Sanskrit: after the lapse of over twenty centuries, it continues to be nearest the heart of every devout Hindu. As the story of Rama, the hero-prince through whom God fulfilled himself, and of Sita, his long-suffering consort, the *Ramayana* is the joy and the solace of millions. For many men and women in India, the reading of a few *sargas* of the *Ramayana* is almost the first item of the day's programme, for it is great literature as well as great scripture.

There are many and conflicting texts of the epic. Mr. R. Narayanaswami Iyer, the learned and pious proprietor of the Madras Law Journal Press, has brought out a magnificent edition at an incredibly cheap price (Rupees Four). With the aid of a band of distinguished South Indian scholars headed by Mahamahopadhyaya Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, innumerable copies of the epic, including old palm-leaf manuscripts, have been collated. The best reading is incorporated in the text, and alternative readings are given in the

footnotes. Textual criticism, indices, and all the 'scaffolding' of scholarship add to the value of this edition. Mr. K. Ram Mohan Sastri has painted some of the striking incidents. His unusual mastery of technique and sense of colour values make the pictures dreams of beauty. 'The Passing of Dasaratha', 'Bharata worshipping the Sandals', and 'Agni (the God of Fire) restoring Sita to her Lord' are of outstanding merit. The frontispiece, 'The coronation of Sri Rama', is somehow disappointing.

We commend this edition of the epic for the acceptance of lovers of Indian culture.

My Brother

(A Poem)

By SHRI J. KRISHNAMURTI

My Brother died ;
We were as two stars in a naked sky.

He was like me,
Burnt by the warm sun,
In the land where are soft breezes,
Swaying palms,
And cool rivers,
Where there are shadows numberless,
Bright-coloured parrots and chattering birds:

Where green tree-tops
Dance in the brilliant sun ;
Where there are golden sands
And blue-green seas:

Where the world lives in the burden of the sun,
And the earth is baked dull brown ;
Where the green-sparkling rice fields
Are luscious in slimy waters,
And shining, brown, naked bodies
Are free in the dazzling light :

The land
Of the mother suckling her babe by the roadside ;
Of the devout lover
Offering gay flowers ;
Of the wayside shrine ;
Of intense silence ;
Of immense peace.

He died ;
I wept in loneliness.

TRIVENI

Where'er I went, I heard his voice
And his happy laughter.
I looked for his face
In every passer-by,
And asked each if he had met with my brother;
But none could give me comfort.

I worshipped.
I prayed.
But the gods were silent.
I could weep no more;
I could dream no more.
I sought him in all things,
In every clime.

I heard the whispering of many trees,
Calling me to his abode.

And then,
In my search,
I beheld Thee,
O Lord of my heart;
In Thee alone
I saw the face of my brother.

In Thee alone,
O my eternal Love,
Do I behold the faces
Of all the living and all the dead.[1]

[1] From *The Song of Life*, by special permission of The Star Publishing Trust, Ommen, Holland.

Mr. Bendre and His Poetry

By Prof. V. K. Gokak, M.A.

(The Fergusson College, Poona)

(1)

In trying to define the aims and methods of the criticism of contemporaries, Lemaitre remarked :

> 'It is perhaps not well to begin by a criticism of their faults . . . Such criticism as leads immediately to general æsthetic considerations is interesting in itself, but it tells us almost nothing concerning the books which are its ostensible objects and may even easily distort them. The criticism which seeks to assign to new books their place in the history of literature and to explain their appearance is often premature. That which classifies them at once is very arrogant and exposes itself to sharp contradictions . . . But is it not just and necessary to begin. . . . with a sympathetic reading of such books, in order to arrive at a definition of what element they contain that is original and belongs strictly to the writer ?'

Thus it is clear that the path of a critic of contemporary poetry is strewn with thorns, though he may find 'Roses, roses all the way'. Mr. D. R. Bendre, B.A., whose poetry is the subject of this article, is one of those scatterers of roses, the leading poets of renascent Karnatak. And if I set out on this hazardous enterprise of writing a critique on his poetry, it is with the epistolary command of the Editor of the *Triveni* as my pilgrim's staff and with a few remarks of some of the eminent critics of Karnatak as my pilgrim's scrip that I venture to do so. And, by the way, I have been treading too often on these thorns to mind their presence at all.

The following remarks will explain why Mr. Bendre's poetry has a genuine attraction for the *Triveni.* Mr. T. N,

Srikantaiya of Mysore,—a distinguished critic who is young but austere, creative and critical,—observed while reviewing *Gari*, a collection of Mr. Bendre's poems: 'Some of his poems, at any rate, deserve a place in the literature of the world.' And Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, one of the spiritual begetters of modern Kannada literature, has recorded in the Mysore Census Report of 1932 (a rich and strange place, by the way, in which to exercise literary censorship !): 'D. R. Bendre's poetry shows also a vivid imagination and grace and power of expression characteristic of the best poetry.' This is well said indeed. It enables me to do what otherwise I should have felt slightly uncomfortable in doing,—to indulge in a long and rambling account of Mr. Bendre and his poetry.

A word as to the methods employed in this article. I will press the grapes of my grasp so much and only so far as makes them yield the hidden meaning of life which Lemaitre would have us observe: 'To define the author, to describe his "form," to delineate his temperament—what the world means to him and what he seeks in it by preference.' There will only be so much of estimation and evaluation as lies implicit in an appreciative interpretation. For Mr. Bendre is a very near phenomenon to me. I have talked with him so often and so long that I am at a loss to know what I should put down on paper and what not to write. Times out of number have we walked hand in hand, so much so that I can never conceive of holding him at arm's length, of pushing him about on the palm of my hand and feeling him with all my fingers, of examining his lustre in 'minute particulars' and using that sort of jargon. I have been so constant a listener to the poetry which he chants with his magic utterance that I live too much in the heart of that light to note its 'form' and lineaments. I feel like a native of the tracts round Mount Etna,—a man who is too familiar with the lava and the burning fumes which the volcano casts out at every eruption, to plunge himself headlong down its crater like the mad but philosophic Empedocles !

And yet, after all, this is a sovereign advantage which I

possess over the other admirers of my subject. There are certain pranks and whims of a poet which only his friends can know. There are certain delicate whiffs of fancy, swift and fine turns of thought, which only a few kindred souls can catch. These may help us to postulate a more intimate relation between the impression we form of the poet and the expression he moulds for us.

Thus, for instance, the fact that Mr. Bendre is short of stature and presents a rugged growth, as of some thistle deep-rooted in the earth, and a rough exterior; that his benign expression indicates a serenity and majesty of thought stamped over agonising feelings; that his voice rises shrill and high like a lark in its flight when he forgets himself in talk; and that his eyes are deep wells of ancient wisdom: all this is as much an emanation of his spirit as the poetry which is its revelation.

When I approach, therefore, this part of my subject, I will speak with full-throated ease. And in doing so I will be clarifying Bendre's self to myself. For, when all is said and done, it remains a fact that man knows nothing in the absolute, not even himself. As for the other points dismissed curtly by Lemaitre,—the faults of the poet, and the position he is to occupy in literary history; and general æsthetic consideration and classification;—why, we may have something of these too. For these are but the finger-posts that lead us to the man himself. All criticism is a platform on which to display the eternal Argument. It is a scaffolding so cleverly devised as to trap the hare, to make it stay if only for a moment. And all possible waylaying and ambuscade is permissible provided it facilitates the ultimate arrangement.

(2)

History is a strange dame to be reckoned with. Many reputations suffer when she is gamesome; and many insignificant points gather significance. Some months ago a distinguished critic prophesied in *The Bookman* that, a hundred years hence, Yeats' poems would survive and be read for

their essential beauty, while T. S. Eliot's poems would be remembered mainly for their experimental interest. Granting for the time being that the value of T. S. Eliot's work lies chiefly in its novelty, does not the statement mean that poetry which is not very poetical will endure side by side with work which is essential poetry? And history is responsible for this misdemeanour. From one point of view, history is a museum where fossils and mummies are carefully preserved. From another standpoint, it is the time-honoured theatre where the eternal drama of human passion and aspiration is staged with clever manipulation.

I think that T. S. Eliot's poetry stands for an experience, not simply for an experiment. He is certainly not a mere figure made by history. I would say the same about Mr. Bendre. The position he holds in Kannada letters today is only a rough and ready indication of his integral achievements. Nor, on the other hand, is he a figure who has *made* the history of modern Kannada poetry though he is undoubtedly an *event* in its tremendous course. It seems to me that no human being can *make* history unless history conspires with him and allows him to be called its maker. And its makers are like the adventurers of old who claimed to be the masters of a continent because they were the first to behold it. The following facts will make it possible for the reader to see that Mr. Bendre was instrumental in determining the course of the history of Kannada poetry for a number of years. His poetry owes something at least of its reputation to the time and place of its appearance.

The Renaissance was lingering like a 'Polar dawn' in Karnatak some twenty years ago. Muddana, the morning star, had already bequeathed his last scintillations. The signs of a new ferment were perceptible as early as in the eighteen-fifties with the work of some missionaries and learned pundits. But the æsthetic crystallisation of this new consciousness had not yet taken place on a grand scale except with Muddana. And in poetry the attempts were too sporadic to establish and popularise the inauguration of a new

tradition. The air was big with unseen destinies ; but as yet it was only an invisible influence that was stirring the educated minds.

The period 1885—1915 may, in one sense, be called the period of preparation. The *Epigraphia Karnatica* and the *kavicharite* volumes were being published in Mysore. The *kavya kalanidhi* series opened up the treasures of ancient poetry to the Kannada public so that the works of a poet like Muddana could be produced with ease. The efforts of Kittel and other missionaries were equally great on Mangalore side, considering the fact that the Kittel dictionary holds out, even today, unexplored possibilities to every literary adventurer. The *Vidya Vardhaka Sangha* at Dharwar had already come into its own with the *Vagbhushana* as its literary mouthpiece. The Kannada schools had been opened in North Karnatak as early or as late as 1872. And enthusiasts and scholars like Toormari, Chennabasappa, Mulabagal, Santa Kavi and V. R. Katti were preparing the soil for the rich harvest that was to follow. With the founding of the *Sahitya Parishat* in 1914, the Renaissance had been rightfully enthroned. The political and cultural consciousness of the Kannada public was being worked up by veterans like Alur Venkatarao and Mudavidu Krishnarao. And a reading public was being gradually created by versatile writers like B. Venkatachar, Galganath, and Kerur.

With these remarks we may confine ourselves to the poetical aspect of the new movement. Not much is known about Hyderabad and the surrounding parts of Karnatak. Perhaps much did not happen there at that time. Strange and antiquated—and in many ways insignificant—books were pouring from Bellary and the other Ceded Districts. The situation was slightly different in Mysore. There was the long line of pundits aiming at the eighteen essentials of the epic and hammering at the hundred and one *alankaras*. Basavappa Sastri of *Sakuntala* fame is the gifted representative of the School. A slight variation of the themes and methods was practised by S. G. Narasimhachar in his *Ajan-*

rupa Charite and elsewhere but his career was cut short by his premature death. A few of Prof. B. M. Srikantia's translations of English poems had been published in the *Vidyadayinee* but the volume called *Englishu Geetegalu* had not yet seen the light of day. And it was only about the year 1920 that Mr. D. V. Gundappa published his *Vasanta Kusumanjali* and 'Srinivasa'[1] came out with his *Binnaha.*

Mangalore unfolds a similar tale. The famous monthly called *Suvasini* (with Mr. B. Ramarao as one of its editors) had just been stopped but *Kannada Kokile* and *Krishna Sukti* were carrying on their work. Mr. Muliye Timmapaya had been producing *Sobagina Balli* and other compositions which reveal a Muddana-like attitude towards the new and the old. Panje Mangesarao, Govinda Pai and M. N. Kamat were definitely of the new band and had been giving the public an insight into the trend of the new movement.

Thus we find that the new poetry found itself mostly in the condition of protoplasm by the year 1915. The battle had been won, however, within five years to come and the departure itself became an opening for others to follow. Then it was that the public became enamoured of the 'grooves of change'.

But it is with the poetry of North Karnatak that we are immediately concerned. Much the same state of affairs was prevalent therein. The poets, all of whom belonged more or less to the traditional school, may be grouped as follows, corresponding to their approach towards modernism: Srinivasarao Katti, Mulabagal, V. M. Tatti, Santa Kavi and *Kavyananda.* Kerur, the literary pioneer, and *Kannada Vamana* were the leading practitioners in the new line. But in poetry, at any rate, their work was not massive and intense enough to widen the public consciousness.

Thus it is easily seen that Mr. Bendre stands in a line with those workers who carried the new poetry in their hearts till about the year 1920 and then struck out unique and recognised paths for themselves. The new poetry obviously won

[1] Sriman Masti Venkatesa Iyengar.

a general hearing during the period 1915—22. And Mr. Bendre effected the change in North Karnatak just as Prof. B. M. Srikantia, 'Srinivasa', Mr. D. V. Gundappa and Messrs. Panje Mangesarao, Govinda Pai and M. N. Kamat did it in Mysore and Mangalore. Messrs. Khanolkar and Betigeri were the only two participators in the task, since Mr. R. S. Sali descended later into the arena.

We may now inquire into the nature of the reputation which Mr. Bendre's poetry has acquired during the last few years.

The poets literally leave their souls on earth. They could not otherwise be at home with the generations that follow. And every soul left on earth preserves with it the history of the manner in which it was perpetuated in the memory of mankind.

To track this history is itself a highly instructive and amusing task. It points out the strange and inexplicable by-paths pursued by the spirit of man and perchance by his destiny. That Shakespeare hardly left a line of his imperishable dramatic poetry in his own handwriting; that Tennyson was revising his work with an amount of patience and care which almost leaves us in doubt as regards the intrinsic worth of some of the poetry itself; that Purandaradasa and others died chanting their hymns when very few would reduce them to writing: all these are strange facts that leave us wondering at the dubious value of literary history and posthumous reputation.

In this and in many other respects I think that Mr. Bendre is a fatalist. A kind of philosophic indeterminism permeates his being. In the grand chase of the eternal procession that he has opened up for himself, poetry is only a small rabbit that has scarcely received much attention at his hands. He pats it now and then, sets it on its path and feeds it with a few crumbs from his platonic banquets; but that is all. He lives and .talks poetry; he writes it less often. His imagination feeds on many unwritten novels, dramas and epic poems. But he does not seem to have relished the task

of putting pen to paper. A friend of mine, one of our distinguished short story writers, was telling me the other day that Bendre is in the habit of talking short stories, and lamented that a distinct type of fiction, representing Bendre's analytic genius, should be lost to Kannada literature. I would say the same about his æsthetic theories, poetry and what not. Let me hope (though it is to hope against hope!) that this protest registered in print will at least make him realise the injustice he is doing to himself and others.

But in his tenderer moods Bendre will give us an explanation though not a defence. He will tell us that, however we may try to rough-hew our ends, there is a divinity that shapes them. 'Rest assured,' he will say, 'I would have been given the impetus and leisure had I been ordained for the work'; and will thus make us wroth with heaven instead of with himself. But bitterness has not warped his being. He goes forth to meet his destiny as a friend.

And yet it must be remarked that no one has taken one's poetry more seriously than Bendre himself. Heaven denied him leisure at a time when he should have been unfolding 'the rose's hope while yet unblown'. But he has taken a magnificent revenge and loaded every rift of his verse with ore. Imaginative versions of whole stories and inventions are boiled down to a single simile or metaphor. One such occurs in the poem called *Chinta*. *Hoo* (flower) is a philological romance (of the world of sound and sense) recorded with the most unromantic but also unflinching brevity. When a poet who has thus cultivated the value of restraint allows his imagination to wander at will, the result is superb and can be seen in poems like 'The Butterfly' and 'Moonlight'. The poet seems to dip his pen in rainbow colours as he writes.

Again, though it is true that poetry is not a vocation, an exclusive groove of escape, with him as with others, it is also a fact that he has made every problem of his being turn round the centre of poetic creation. He has prepared and built up,—perhaps from many sources,—an æsthetic technique which he applies to every problem in the world. The sense of the

soul's pilgrimage, which he always carries with him, is itself an object of æsthetic contemplation. All his philosophy is bound up in these terms. I am afraid that, when the time comes, he will claim God as his æsthetic object and not as the Almighty or as the Merciful. But he is also conscious of the fact that the four quarters of life—the subjective and the objective, the particular and the universal—will be merged into one indivisible Whole,—when the time comes!

His poetry is only a suggestive and half-revealing summary of his personality. But in another sense he is one of the most poetical of poets, since he extends my very conception of the poet and his task. For others poetry is a sport with Amaryllis, a holiday excursion, a laborious toil, a sacred obsession, an exclusive method of being in contact with the refinements of the spirit. But Mr. Bendre pitches other problems of life to the same key to which he tunes his poetry. All his responses to the world and to the ultimate Reality, his poetical gestures not excepted, are determined by the vision which is summed up in the last lines of *Moorti*, a long poem: '*Rasa* is *janana* or birth; *Virasa* or the absence of it is *marana* or death; and *samarasa* or perfect harmony alone is life.'

I once requested Bendre to define his attitude towards life. He answered at once that he meant to live. It seems that he had pondered over it long since, for in a playlet written in his early days occurs the sentence: 'To be is the goal.' This reply represents a peculiar type of temperament. To live is all; to dream, suffer, hope, storm the four stages of consciousness, ransack the universe for knowledge and experience, and so to live on till all be well and one,—is not that a royal ambition? The 'spirit-life' itself is turned into a 'gay romance' and song naturally has its share in it.

This is how Mr. Bendre composes poetry. Shall I also tell you how he publishes it? It is highly amusing. His *Karulina Vachanagalu*, the first of their type in Kannada, lay for eleven years in manuscript. *Gari*, the only representative collection of his poems, came out in 1932, fourteen years

after he had been known as a poet. And then, too, it was his friends who prepared the press-copy and travelled with it to Bangalore ; and his fellow-workers paid the bill. But as many poems and more remain buried in his manuscript, waiting silently for their redemption. It is so cruel. But looking to the man whom they have chosen to be their spokesman, I think it is inevitable.

It was in 1917, in the Karnatak Social Club, Poona, that he made his debût as a poet. He gave a reading of the *Tuturi* (' trumpet ') to the audience. In the same year was composed *Kogile*, his first long poem.

A student of the Fergusson College, he graduated in 1918 and left for Dharwar. That was the year of the *Sahitya Sammelan* at Dharwar. And he was then introduced to a considerable gathering of literary men as a poet by Mr. V. B. Alur and his friends who had arranged for a reading of Mr. Bendre's poems. In 1918, too, was started *Prabhata*, a journal originally intended to publish all of his poems. But, for many reasons, only four poems of his figured in its pages. He became a member of the editorial board of the *Vagbhushana* in 1919 and turned out much significant work in that capacity. And it was in 1920, as a teacher in the Victoria High School, Dharwar, that he divined and commenced practising the idea which ripened, later on, into the *Geleyara Gumpu* and its activities.

The rest is easily told. Mr. Bendre also took an active part in the deliberations which were reponsible for the inauguration of *Jaya Karnataka*, the premier monthly of the province. The *Swadharma* was taken up in 1926 and became, for nearly two years, the literary organ of Mr. Bendre and the *Gumpu*. The *Jaya Karnataka*, again, was taken up in 1929 and served, till May 1933, the aspirations both of Karnatak and of the *Gumpu*. Recited by himself and by his friends, Bendre's poems had already grown immensely popular. And his reading of *Hakki Harutide* at the Belgaum Literary Conference was in itself a thing of genius. Early in 1930, he was elected as the president of the Poets' Conference, Mysore.

And the recitative tour which he subsequently had with Masti Venkatesa Iyengar endeared him and his work to the people throughout the Mysore State.

The position can be summed up as follows: Mr. Bendre was the first to promote an intense study of ancient Kannada literature among the young men of North Karnatak both by precept and by practice. He was responsible for the celebration of many of the *utsavas* like the Santakavi and Vidyaranya anniversaries. It was he who made the young poets of Dharwar and elsewhere read out their poems to crowded gatherings at the time of the Mahanavami festival, even before the *Parishat* thought of making the *kavisammelan* its adjunct. He was the first of modern poets to turn the Kannada country and literature themselves into a theme for poetry. And it was in his poems like the *Taruna Tapaswi* that the great national awakening of 1919 found its most satisfying expression. For these and many other reasons it is that Mr. Bendre's poetry has come to have the pre-eminence which we attribute to it today, apart, of course, from its intrinsic worth.

A clue to the nature of the poetical reputation which he enjoys can be obtained in the poem in which he has made 'fame' famous,—*keerti*. He broods over it till its real meaning grows luminous within him. In the first part he dwells on the chaotic course of history and develops a sort of historical pessimism. Certain works survive and certain others, far more precious, are lost and forgotten, apparently for no reason. The wheels of chance alone seem to determine the course of literary immortality. Musings similar to this introduce the poem. In the second part, the poet dwells on the psychological aspect of the problem. Immortal literary distinction is like the shadow that a cloud leaves on the waters. It is like the handful of dust bestowed on the dead by the living. It is not the 'bubble reputation' but the gift of quickened response and love that satisfies a thirsty soul. Joy and sorrow are of no account in themselves. It is the comradeship in weal or woe that is of real consequence. To feel

the presence of a human heart is all that the soul needs for its sustenance.

The third part carries this trend of thought into the domain of mutuality, of insurgent and co-operative experience :

> ' It is in the joy of sympathetic living,—of the apprehension of others' weal and woe as one's own and *vice versa*—that the real scope of personal experience lies. This alone is life ; all else is vanity of vanities.'
>
> ' Even the music of the voice which accords with the symphony of the tambourine and blends with it in harmony, becomes an immortal song. This golden bliss alone is the crown and glory of life. The renown of a "name" is but fatal like the fall of a thunderbolt.'
>
> ' How can the harp of life feel satisfied if it smites on all its chords for its own listening, enwrapt in its own harmonies ? The soul attains freedom only when the Universal Soul is seen to permeate its utterance.'
>
> ' Vain is the joy which is not reproductive. And the continuity of the progeny of joy is immortal indeed. Oh ! Life ! Oh ! maiden with the dark hair starred by a cluster of blossoming smiles ! You and you alone are the queen of my faith !'
>
> ' Enough of the immortality of life piled on life. Dry and fruitless is the lure of "name and fame". Vain is the vicarious immortality of parenthood. Valhalla also and heaven are as nothing in my eyes. Let me live in the living and it is seven heavens and more.'

(*To be continued*)

The Æsthetics of Gujarat

By Srimathi Madri Desai

The rich cultural heritage of India can no longer be preserved by mere academic speeches, involved spiritualism and rhetoric. Similarly, the defects of the present educational system should not be merely debated. The time has come when some of the younger generation are definitely searching for cultural values in the social and civic life of ancient India. They have begun to look to the past for its specific guidance for the present. Scholarly achievements can be assured only by systematic studies of ancient literature and history, in Sanskrit and the vernaculars, and of objects of art.

I believe that the vernaculars of the different provinces of India have been, practically, left unnoticed for the guidance I am suggesting. The 'Rasa' literature in Brija, a book like 'Banglar Brita' by Dr. Abanindranath Tagore in Bengali, and the manuscripts in Tamil and Telugu have been frequently referred to. But they have not been, it seems, practically examined and applied. If this is done, and some well-thought co-ordination is accomplished, it would be easy to prove the continuity of art traditions in the different provinces, and to mark their distinctions as well as their unity. For the influence on the different provinces of æsthetic conceptions taken from Sanskrit is natural. The influence would be considered as their unifying factor. At the same time the vernaculars suggest, as they should, provincial distinctions.

Both these elements could be observed in the Gujarati poets. I select those of the two important periods in Gujarati literature, for example, of the fourteenth to nearly the seventeenth century, and from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century. Poets Bhalan and Nakar of the earlier centuries,

poets Premanand and Virji of the eighteenth century, and poet Dayaram of the nineteenth have, all of them, revealed in their poems the æsthetic inclinations and tendencies of Gujarat. All these poets have emphasised the importance of art and artists and art-craftsmen. Their presence on all important occasions, ceremonies and festivals was indispensable. The conference of reputed artists and craftsmen was a common feature of popular assemblies. Poet Giridhar, for example, says: 'The king had called architects, carpenters, blacksmiths and painters from all corners of the world, to build his audience-hall, *Sabha mandap*.'

Poets Premanand, Virji, Nakar and poet Giridhar have referred to the architecture of the 'Mandap' in their verses. Poet Premanand says: 'There were hundreds of rooms arranged opposite each other, and between them there were long-covered passages together with big courtyards and doors opening on the streets.' Poet Nakar, is, it seems, inclined to note the decorations also. In describing the court festival, the poet narrates that the whole city was decorated with the jewelled 'toranas' (festoons) over the doors, green leaves and plantain stems for brackets and pillars. Poets Giridhar and Virji mention the construction of 'jalis' (niches), steps, brackets, pillars and roofs suggestive of old architecture. The important thing is to know that they have also spoken of their utility. For they say that the arrangement of 'jalis' and 'chhajas' exercises a cooling effect on the eye. Poet Giridhar mentions specifically the following varieties of 'mandap', namely, 'Raja mandap' 'Sabha mandap' and 'Ranga mandap'.

Poet Giridhar describes also mural paintings and decorative designs on the walls, ceiling, pillars and roofs. He says: 'On the walls and on the ceilings of the *mandap* were painted images of gods and goddesses and the ten incarnations, the portraits of all the ruling kings as well as the 'navagraha'—the planetary and solar system—like the corridor paintings at Ajanta. The roofs of the *mandap* were painted, he says, in some coloured floral and decorative figure designs. Further,

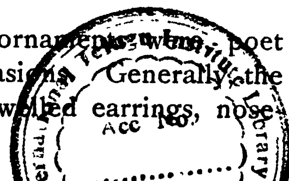
the poet observes that the paintings on the niches, pillars and doors were as bright as real jewels.

Poet Giridhar has, it would appear, a more critical perception for art. He emphasises, moreover, the existence of art in the home. It would be out of place here to quote lengthy descriptions. But they are worth careful study. I shall cite some of them. In one of his descriptions of the art-crafts he says that Kamavati, a character in his poems, had embroidered in 'kasida' stitches one big rug or carpet in eighty-four patterns with eighty-four varieties of colour. The design of its border was chiefly composed of creepers and flowers. Its medallion contained patterns of figures in different poses. For high craftsmanship the poet says that its charming colour combinations, various designs and neat and well-arranged stitches of the carpet surprised the spectators. They mistook, he says, the carpet for a real painting.

It should be observed that these poets were preoccupied with colour. Poet Premanand, for instance, remarks that the pillars of the 'mandap' were covered with various richly coloured black, yellow and white cloth like, he adds, the 'saries' of the South. He also suggests the neccessity for colour harmony in architecture. He speaks of the light green of the steps, the threshold and doors in red, white walls decorated with gold arabesque, and the decorative peacocks, blue and green, on the lintel of the doors.

On auspicious occasions and ceremonies like the marriage and thread ceremonies, and the anointing ceremony in the worship of Krishna, the poets describe the colours of dresses and 'saries' of women. They discuss the black 'kanchuki' with saffron tassels, red and green 'saries' with golden stripes, and saffron bodices. For the 'Holi' festival, generally, pinkish and yellowish 'saries' were used. 'Red chundadies' were particularly worn for 'subhsakun' as an auspicious token.

Similarly, the different kinds of ornaments were, poet Dayaram says, worn for different occasions. Generally, the poet says that rich jewelled bangles, jewelled earrings, nose-



rings, and necklaces of diamonds were used by the rich women for marriage ceremonies. On the occasion of ordinary festivals they used to put on ornaments of gold. In describing the Krishna and Gopi dance he refers to ornaments like ' zanzer ' (bells) on the feet, ' katimekhla ' (girdle) with tiny ' ghughries ', ' vank ', ' makut ' and ' mal '. Further, these poets suggest that along with diamonds and rubies, other rich glass pieces in blue, green or saffron colours were set in the bangles or necklaces, as a variety and as a colour harmony for the gold.

From these extracts we can visualise the artistic environment of Gujarat, the environment which instinctively set the standard for the poems. The art crafts in the home, the high culture of women, their sense for colour, for the beauty of nature, sense of form, the legitimate place of art and artists in the houses alike of the rich and the poor, in the folk and court festivals, are all suggestive of a live art environment. They lived the cultural life of India ; they were in an environment directly alive with art. Art was neither a subject for academic dogmas, for intellectual display and ostentation, nor the distinctive monopoly of a class or caste.

The Evaluation of the Individual

By M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

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(1)

The problem of the evaluation of the individual is one of the most complicated and perplexing of the problems awaiting solution in the India of the present day. Its consideration is all the more necessary in view of the newer political and social conceptions that are now entering the field of public life in this country. Indian society has for long been a society of classes, castes, creeds and communities. During the past one century the whole of the social reform movement was directed to the discovery of the true value of the individual, irrespective of the caste, the community or creed to which he belonged. But there is unfortunately at present a reaction against this movement, a reaction in consequence of which the individual is again becoming completely and wholly identified with the so-called caste or community to which by accident he happens to belong. The political change through which the country is passing has given an increasing momentum to this tendency and it looks as if we are bringing into existence another stereotyped society against which the better type of mind has, since the days of Ram Mohan Roy, been carrying on a fearless and truceless war.

It may appear at the outset that there is nothing new in this reaction. It is only a continution of the ancient tradition which has not lost its grip over us and which is now seeking to obtain an all-embracing hold. It is not merely the tradition of India but also of most other countries. But the tragedy of it lies in our thinking that we are fighting—and fighting successfully also—against it while, as a matter of fact, we are

really perpetuating it. This is the pity of the self-delusion into which the moderns are falling.

The problem at issue is: 'Is it safe to proceed to determine the value of the individual, his whole worth or his worth for any particular function or purpose, by reference to any one quality in him?' The classical idea was that it was not only safe but that it was also the only possible and desirable course. The division of people into castes as understood in our *Smritis* proceeded on this basis. It does not matter very much whether birth *(janma)* or profession *(karma)* formed the basis of this division. The implication was that if one knew the caste to which an individual belonged one could know the whole of that individual's worth for any and every purpose in life, public or private. Nothing else needed to be considered in this connection. Assuming for a moment that birth was the criterion of caste, it may be said that it was regarded as consequently providing a criterion for judging the individual's inherent abilities, his talents, his tastes and aptitudes, the kind of training he ought to receive, the vocation he should pursue, the persons with whom he should have social intercourse, and the place he was to occupy as a citizen in the body politic. There was only one standard of value for judging everything about the individual. Even if it is assumed that it was not birth but profession that formed the basis of caste, the result from the standpoint under consideration was not different. It meant that everything about the individual could be determined by reference to only one aspect in his life, namely, his vocation or profession. Broadly speaking, within the fold of the ancient Indian society the question of religious creed or belief was not of much significance in this connection, as all followed more or less the same faith. The only deciding consideration was caste.

This was not perhaps the peculiarity of India alone. It was the case with the ancient Greeks, the Romans and the peoples of medieval Europe. Birth as a member of the Eupatridae or the Patriciate or the feudal nobility decided in

the case of each individual his total worth—what occupation he should follow, whom he should marry, what relations he should have with others and what political rights and obligations he should have.

The classical idea may therefore be regarded as a totalitarian and a monistic idea. It derived all characteristics belonging to an individual from one principle or one feature in him. If in that one respect he showed a defect it was inferred that he had an all-round defect ; and if in that he showed a merit it was similarly inferred that he had an all-round merit.

Islam brought along with it into India a new creed but not a new principle for judging the value of the individual. In place of birth it substituted creed as the standard of life. He who prayed with his face turned towards Mecca was for *all* purposes a more valuable individual than he who turned towards the east and offered his prayers to the Sun-God. Its idea was that there is only one true faith and that man becomes entirely and completely changed if he adopts it. He then becomes fit for ruling kingdoms, for commanding armies, for acquiring and managing landed property, for carrying on trade and for doing every other sort of work. Instead of saying, 'Know ye a man's birth, and you will know everything else about him', it said, 'Know thou a man's creed and you will know everything else about him ; nothing else matters.' One principle is as tyrannical as the other. For no creed has a monopoly of spiritual truth ; in every creed there are numberless superstitions ; and no creed is capable of completely transforming a man and making a saint out of a sinner. Are there not rogues, criminals, plunderers, debased men and women among the followers of every creed? Does any creed profess to dispense with the need for a penal code even in respect of its own followers? What is true of Islam is equally true of every other proselytizing religion—for instance, Christianity—especially when persecution is an article of faith. It is because of this that all those who value man as man regard the introduction of religious

tolerance as one of the greatest landmarks in the march of human progress. It is a step in recognising that the value of an individual for all purposes is not to be based on only one feature of his life, however dignified be the name you give to it.

It may be argued by some whether the substitution of creed for birth as the criterion is not in itself a great achievement. There is not much to be said in favour of this view from our present standpoint. In a sense it is as easy to defend birth as a criterion of value as creed, if one looks at either from a transcendental standpoint. For, when in ancient India man was judged according to his birth, it carried a certain number of implications along with it. In its ideal form it gave facilities for a particular sort of bringing up, education, training, a standard of life, outlook and so on ; so that an individual belonging to any caste was in a sense a member of it not merely in virtue of his birth in it but equally in virtue of his being brought up in a particular manner, with a view to enable him to discharge his duties and responsibilities towards the larger community of which his caste was a part. Birth meant not a mere label which a man put on himself but the prospect of a particular kind of growth and its fulfilment. If caste is to be judged it must be judged in this spirit. It stood not merely for superiority due to birth but for superiority resulting from particular kinds of growth accompanying birth. Caste degenerated when the latter principle was ignored.

There is not much more to be said in favour of creed. If creed is merely the putting of one label in place of an existing one, it does not by itself—any more than caste or birth—form a better standard for judging the individual's worth. It is only the assumption that there is a true conversion,—and not the sprinkling of the baptismal waters—that there is a scrupulous training in the articles of faith and a strict adherence to the rules of conduct imposed by the faith,—it is only these assumptions that constitute the basis of the doctrine that the value of the

individual is to be determined solely by reference to his creed. But in the large majority of cases these assumptions have no real foundation. Otherwise there would have reigned perfect peace on earth and goodwill among men. For there is no creed which does not advocate peace and goodwill. The truth, however, is that the implications entertained when one is said to follow a particular creed are of the same transcendental category as those associated with training and bringing up in the case of caste. In most cases the creed is as much a name as caste, and it is not consequently a more perfect standard for the evaluation of the individual.

It is not, however, the object of this paper to discuss the relative merits of caste and creed as criteria of value. The object is to lay bare the absurdity of applying a single standard for discovering the real worth or 'worths' of the individual. In this respect the new forms of social and political organisation now obtaining dominance in many of the countries and labelled as Fascism and Communism are to be regarded as thoroughly reactionary and as taking us back to barbarism. Under Communism as taught and practised in Russia, the worth of an individual for *all* purposes is judged solely by his capacity and willingness to do manual work. Manual labour is the one standard of all values. Other kinds of work or attainments have no meaning or significance. Even though it may be plausibly argued that this is a natural outcome of the pre-Communistic age, when idleness under the high-sounding name of leisure was the standard of value, it only explains the origin of the Communistic view and is irrelevant in estimating the truth in Communism. In Italy it is the membership of a corporation of employers or employees to which admission is strictly restricted, that has become the basis of value. If one is qualified to be a member of a corporation he is qualified to be a citizen, to enjoy political privileges, to exercise freedom of thought and expression, and do anything and everything else.

In those countries like England where Capitalism still

rules, the situation is not very much different. There it is property which constitutes the basis of value. Property is identified with industry (which is one of the constituent elements in value) even though there are many idle rich ; it is identified with intelligence and capacity (which are some of the other constituent elements in value), though many propertied people are dullards and many among the poor are extraordinarily intelligent. It is regarded as a satisfactory standard for measuring the ability of a person to become a legislator, a diplomat, or a cabinet minister. 'Know a man's property, and you can know everything else about him.'

(2)

When we speak of the worth of the individual it is always 'worth' with reference to a particular situation. There is nothing like general worth. It is therefore fallacious to judge the individual's capacity to do a particular kind of work, or for occupying a particular position in society or the State or the economic order, by his capacity for doing some other kind of work or by reason of some one characteristic of his. The sort of intelligence, ability and talents required for work in one field is different from the sort of intelligence etc., required for work in another field. The competency, *i.e.*; the worth of an individual is never a general worth but is a totality—even a mechanical totality—made up of particular worths. No one is good in general ; no one has value for all things. A successful general is not necessarily a successful statesman ; and if he is successful as a statesman also, it is not the result of his being successful as a general. A great captain of industry need not necessarily be an equally capable administrator of a University. A scientist and an inventor need not necessarily be an efficient man of business. For each one of these functions a particular kind of worth is required. It is true that an individual may possess abilities of different kinds—and it is the theme of this paper that we must recognise this truth—and it is not right to conclude that one who is a success in one field cannot be a success in another,

or one who is a failure in one field will be equally a failure in every other field. Unfortunately, however, man is a lazy and ease-loving creature. He is also proud and intensely vain. The result is that, unwilling as he is to take trouble to think, he mistakes ability in one sphere for equal ability in other spheres. Those who enjoy the privilege of choosing people for various stations in life are too lazy to discriminate between reputation obtained in one sphere of life and fitness of the same individual for occupying another station. We have, therefore, many square men in round holes and *vice versa.* Similarly those who have obtained reputation in one sphere are so vain that they think that they have a right to occupy prominent places elsewhere and that they are competent for it.

All this is the result of our failure to analyse the total worth of the individual into its constituents—negative as well as positive. This in its turn is due to our continuing to adhere to the worn-out totalitarian principle according to which one feature of man is taken as the only feature worth consideration, whatever be the angle from which the individual is looked at and examined.

The revolt against caste and class differences which has been going on in our country in recent years is a protest against this totalitarian view. Reformers did not say that an individual was uninfluenced by the caste or class to which he belonged; but they stated that no individual derives all his characteristics from his class or caste. He has in him elements of worth—capacity to feel, to understand, to act, to organise—independently of, and irrespective of, his class. A man's fitness to receive education, for instance, should not be judged by the caste in which he happens to be born. Those who are born in the so-called 'lower castes' have as much innate intelligence and capacity to profit by education as those in the higher castes. You should not judge the capacity of a man to enjoy the ordinary amenities of life—access to sources of water-supply, to markets, to court-houses, to places of amusement, to festivals, etc.,—by the

caste to which he belongs. Similar ought to be the attitude to be adopted as regards the other capacities of the individual.

This was truly a national awakening. But it was, alas! too short. For in its wake there has come a reaction which is producing effects that are bound to prove fatal. Once more the attempt is being made—and the attempt is considered most laudable by those that have the power to shape our fortunes—to judge the individual by reference to one particular aspect of his life. What is now known as ' communalism ' is only another name for it. It is an application of a false standard of value. It is trying to stereotype a new kind of rigid system in place of the old which we thought was crumbling to pieces.

I am to be a citizen and as such I have to bear my portion of civic duties and share my portion of civic privileges. My weight as a citizen ought not to be artificially determined by a standard alien to the civic sphere. The test to be applied to discover the extent to which I deserve to be recognised as a citizen ought to have nothing to do with the religious community to which I belong. Because I look to Benares and not to Mecca, I ought not to be made to cast my political lot in a constituency the members of which share nothing in common with me. I must have the privilege to obtain my political salvation in the company of individuals—be they Muslims, Christians, Brahmins or non-Brahmins—who share my political views. It is, however, considerations of community and creed that are now dominating the whole outlook on life in our country, depressing the individual in everything that he has to do.

This is all the more regrettable at a time when caste and community have ceased to be of any significance in themselves. Caste has ceased to have any meaning. It is now only a name. It does not stand for any particular tenets or mode of life or outlook. And after all, the individual is not responsible for his caste and in most cases for the religious community to which he belongs. While saying that birth or religion should not stand in the way of individual progress, we are as a matter

of fact making it stand in the way of that progress by still trying to find out to what caste or religion a man belongs before determining the position which he deserves to occupy in our political, social and economic system. It is the result of the misconception that the value of man is exhausted by one aspect alone of his life.

The individual is a plurality of worths and values. He has worth as a householder, as a bread-winner, as the follower of a creed, as a citizen, as an artist, as a philosopher, as a scientist, as a club-goer, as a dice-player, etc., etc. Even a whole catalogue of all the capacities in which he has worth does not exhaust the elements of individuality in him. There is something over and above all these, something which cannot be measured or discovered by any objective standard. When the individual is so complex, deriving each element in his complexity from a large variety and multiplicity of sources—heredity, environment, associations, education, etc.,—why set up the view that you can deduce everything about him by looking at only one of these elements, and that perhaps the least significant? Clarity of thought is what is most required at the present day and it is the duty of the true philosopher to climb down to the world of facts and realities and be of help in bringing light and hope to the individual who, after all, is the ultimate unit in all life.

Usha

(A Play)

By MASTI VENKATESA IYENGAR, M.A.

(Translated from *KANNADA* by K. Sampatgiri Rao, M.A.)

Characters :

SRI KRISHNA
ANIRUDDHA :—Sri Krishna's Grandson.
NARADA
RUKMINI, SATYABHAMA AND OTHERS :—Sri Krishna's Queens and their companions.
BANASURA
USHA :—Banasura's daughter
CHITRALEKHA, LEELAVATI } Usha's maids in attendance.
MAYURA :—The bridegroom proposed by Banasura for his daughter.
MALINI :—Usha's attendant.

Servants, guards etc.

SCENE :—A Portion of Bana's Palace.

(Enter Narada)

NARADA :—O Lord who on thy breast
Still dost wear the sign
Of mercy and of love
Unending and benign ;
Whose all abundant kindness
Never yet can tire
In yielding to thy servants
All their heart's desire ;
O thou whose holy presence
Gods and their kings adore,
Who art both life and thought

In all the worlds and more ;
O my lord God appear
In the minds of all
That lives and moves, as doth
The moon on heaven's wall;
And on our thirsty souls,
In this life's dubious night,
Of your eternal bliss
Shed the immortal light;
And fill our lives with joy
To conquer suffering,
In token of your love
And mercy, God, our king.

(Enter Bana—Mayura is with him)

BANA :—How do you do, Narada ?

NARADA :—How do you do, Baneswara ? You seem to be upset. What is the matter ?

BANA :—My daughter Usha defies me. I brought her up like a pet parrot and this is how she returns my tenderness.

NARADA :—What did you ask her to do ?

BANA :—I asked her to marry Mayura and she refuses.

NARADA :—Well, if she doesn't like it, why compel her, Baneswara ? Show her portraits of young men of noble birth, and let her marry whom she will.

BANA :—I do not wish to do that. Who knows whom she will choose ?

NARADA :—There is one way in which you can avoid that risk. But you will not agree to it.

BANA :—Let us hear it.

NARADA :—There is Sri Krishna's grandson, Aniruddha. Do you know what a handsome youth he is ?

BANA :—Why, don't you know ? Krishna sent word to me asking that Usha be given to Aniruddha. I replied that it was altogether out of the question.

NARADA :—Baneswara, your grandfather[1] was such a devotee of Vishnu and yet you treat Krishna as an enemy. I do not know what to make of this.

[1] Prahlada.

BANA :—Well, if you please, Narada, I am also a devotee of Vishnu, but not of Krishna. The fellow is too arrogant.

NARADA :—Have we not all agreed that he is Vishnu in human form?

BANA :—Your saying so will not make him so.

NARADA :—What would you have? He has the conch of Vishnu. He has the discus of Vishnu. And he has such wonderful power. . . .

BANA :—No more, Narada. Every one has a conch and every one blows on it. I too have a discus. Without my leave not a living thing can enter the precincts of this city. You speak of Krishna's wonderful power. Is he the only one who has it? For his two arms I can at need assume a thousand. If he is Vishnu, so am I.

NARADA :—As you please then. But Krishna will surely take your daughter in marriage to Aniruddha.

BANA :—I shall immediately marry away Usha. What will he do then? Well, I must be going. Good-bye.

NARADA :—Good-bye. I shall look up the others and go too. (Exit Bana and Mayura).

This fellow is hopelessly obstinate. Krishna wishes to win him over. I too have often reminded him of Prahlada and have besought his grace towards Bana and he has said 'all in good time'. When is this 'good time'? When will Bana's good fortune bear fruit? Aniruddha has seen all the fairest girls in the land and wants to marry only Usha. Baneswara's discus is no bar to him as he can travel in the world of dreams, but if he manifests himself he will be made captive here. (Looks at the back of the stage). Here is Chitralekha. (Addressing her) Good day, Chitralekha. How is every one?

CHITRALEKHA :—By your blessings, all are well.

NARADA :—Are you going to Usha? Baneswara was here just now, very angry with her about something.

CHITRALEKHA :—He is trying to get her to marry Mayura. She does not agree. Every day there is a wrangle over it. There must have been one today.

NARADA :—I said something to Baneswara about this. But he would not listen. Come, tell me everything. Why is Usha unwilling to marry Mayura ?

CHITRALEKHA :—There seems to be some reason, but she will not tell. For the last four months. . . .

(Narada and Chitralekha go out talking)

(Curtain rises : Usha's apartment—Usha is sitting holding a Veena)

USHA :—(Speaking to herself) O my love who came and married me in my dream : be always real to me ! May my heart never doubt your reality ! When need arises I shall call on you. Come then as you have promised. This is all my prayer. My Lord, my Love (joining her hands in salutation) no more of hesitation. (Taking her Veena and playing a tune) I shall sing a cheerful tune (she sings).

Come, O beloved of my heart,
My love, my soul's delight,

Alas for my cheerfulness ! Well, I shall sing this same song.

Come O beloved of my heart,
My love, my soul's delight.

Like a lone dove on a rock,
Beside a stream whose waters run
Thin and straggling as to mock
A better time, this heart you won
Cries again and yet again
For thee : wilt let it cry in vain ?

Lo, yon tree beside the rill,
Whose branches by their flowers' weight
Have bent adown and down until
They touch the water : and the flight
Of bees that of the flowers' juice
Take what they will and as they choose.

My being's deep cries out for thee ;
For love of thee my soul is bent ;

Thou whose love is as the sea
Deep and spacious, wilt relent
And come to me and save me yet;
Wilt come and save and not forget.

(Chitralekha from outside)

CHITRALEKHA :—Usha! (after a moment) Usha! Are you in?

USHA :—Yes, come in, Chitra.

(Enter Chitralekha)

CHITRALEKHA :—Why are you so sad? What has your father said?

USHA :—I must agree tomorrow to marry Mayura. If I do not agree, I shall suffer cruel punishment.

CHITRALEKHA :—You are an only child and motherless. You must be either married or punished. And why are you so obstinate?

USHA :—Do you also ask? If you don't understand, who will? Did not Mayura wish to marry you? And did you agree?

CHITRALEKHA :—No, but that was because the king has always intended that he should marry you.

USHA :—Was that the reason? Was it not because you do not like him?

CHITRALEKHA ;—(Laughing) No. If I must speak the truth, it was because I am already married! What will you do tomorrow?

(Enter Leelavati. She tugs at Chitra and teases her)

LEELA :—Would you escape me? Now I have caught you.

CHITRALEKHA :—Sh—Enough of this play.

USHA :—What is this, Leela?

LEELA :—Chitra was drawing something in the garden. I went there and wished to see what she was drawing. She avoided me and ran here.

USHA :—(Wearily) Chitra! Time passes heavily with me. Sit here and continue that drawing and I shall watch you.

CHITRALEKHA :—For some days now, I have had no skill in drawing.

USHA :—That was because you were alone. Sit down here with me and finish what you were drawing in the garden.

LEELA :—She hid the drawing when she saw me.

CHITRALEKHA :—Stop this chattering, silly.

USHA :—Don't mind her, Chitra. Well if you will not draw, sing something; I shall listen. Sit down. (Placing the Veena before Chitralekha). You sing a song. Leela will sing one after you.

CHITRALEKHA :—What song shall I sing?

USHA :—Sing one of your own songs.

CHITRALEKHA :—Very well (sings).

Like a parrot in a cage
My soul within this body dwells,
And in dejection thinks and longs
For freedom in the woods and dells
Which once it knew of paradise,
And fears it longs for them in vain ;
When, O my dream, you come to me
In mercy and unloose the chain
That holds me captive, and O joy,
Hand in hand thou leadest me
From wood to wood in Paradise.
God's trusted messenger who comes
To free me when sleep seals my eyes,
O dream, my dream.

The child in cradle lies asleep ;
The mother in the flush of love
And happy smiles, beside him stands ;
And joyous face bends from above ;
And with fingers soft as flowers,
And with softer lips, caresses.
The love light of her eyes enwraps
The little life beneath and blesses.
E'en so you come to me, my dream :
In slumber deep you come to me
And take me in your arms and kiss.
And warm my heart and give my soul
A foretaste here of heavenly bliss.
Come dream, my dream.

For thou art truth greater than any
Truth that man has thought or seen ;
The knowledge that I get from thee
No school or system that has been
Or that may be can know or teach ;
Of all the lives that I have lived
Thou art fruit and, dream, thou art
The crown of all I ever believed.
Still be with me, O my dream,
God's messenger to lead my soul
Through life's deep mazes unafraid
Unto my haven and my goal,
His holy feet, O dream.

(By this time Usha sighs, shows signs of fatigue. Leelavati secretly takes a picture from Chitralekha's lap without Chitralekha noticing it.)

CHITRALEKHA :—(Showing concern for Usha's fatigue) Why Usha ? What ails you ? Tell me, love, what is it ?

USHA :—As I heard your song, Chitra, some thought came to me and upset me. I feel quite well now. Chitra, how beautifully you sing !

CHITRALEKHA :—I may sing beautifully, but what good is it if it upsets you ?

LEELA :—O, but that is what happens when some people sing.

USHA :—Leela, now you sing a song.

LEELA :—If even Chitra's song upset you, what may not happen if I sing ?

CHITRALEKHA :—Sing the song about ' Jasmine and Champaka,' Leela. It is beautiful. Narada taught that song to Leela, Usha. It is a song from Dwaraka and your father does not like it. But it is very beautiful.

USHA :—Do sing it, Leela.

LEELA :—What if your father hears ? I shall sing another song written by Chitra.

(Sings a song)

O glowing eastern sky,
Had our lover come last night

O beauteous eastern sky ?
The joy upon your face I see
Of love fulfilled, the ecstacy,
O glowing eastern sky ;
This joyousness so bright and clear
It seems to say ' He was here '
O beauteous eastern sky ;
Had our lover come o'ernight
O glowing eastern sky ?

O Jasmine bloom,
Had our lover come last night
O jasmine bloom ?
Last evening you were close and quiet
But now of happiness what riot
O jasmine bloom ;
Your joyous sweetness fills all space
And ' He was here ' methinks it says
O jasmine bloom ;
Had our lover come last night
O jasmine bloom ?

O lover mine,
Why comést thou not to me
My lover mine ?
Night after night with door ajar
I watch for thee to come, watch far
Into the night, my love ;
You go and meet the eastern sky,
To bud relent but not to me,
My lover mine ;
Will you never come to me
My lover mine ?

USHA :—Chitra—you sang of a dream—some dream. Now what kind of dream is it ?

CHITRALEKHA :—Mine is a dream like any one else's.

USHA :—What did you see in the dream ?

CHITRALEKHA :—What does one see in a dream but a dream ?

USHA :—If one sees such a dream what should one care for reality ?

LEELA :—(With the drawing she has taken from Chitra in her hand) I have got hold of something interesting. Who wants it?

USHA :—What is it?

LEELA:—You should agree to give it to me; then I shall show it.

CHITRALEKHA :—(Feeling in her lap) Alas, I am undone! —Thief! You steal whatever you can lay hands on? Give it back.

LEELA :—Tell me whose picture it is and I shall give it.

CHITRALEKHA :—It is your lover's.

LEELA :—Why should *you* draw *my* lover's picture? It must be your lover's.

CHITRALEKHA :—Very well, so it is. Give it to me.

USHA :—Let me see, what picture is it?

LEELA :—See. (Shows it).

USHA :—Oh! (Swoons).

CHITRALEKHA :—Oh! What have you done, Leela? Go and bring Malini. Run. (Leelavati goes. Chitralekha fans Usha). How is this? (whispers) She seems to be with child!

USHA : (Recovering) Chitra—who is it?

CHITRALEKHA :—Whoever it is, why should it make you swoon?

USHA :—I shall tell you presently. Tell me first whose picture it is.

CHITRALEKHA :—It is the picture of some one whom I saw in my dream.

USHA :—Saw him in your dream? Do you see him now?

CHITRALEKHA :—No. If I saw him why should I draw his picture? He showed himself once and disappeared. I have drawn his picture, to fix him in my mind.

USHA :—Can he be real whom one sees in a dream?

CHITRALEKHA :—Whatever we see is real. The person was real to me that day. I am seeking to make him real today.

USHA :—Who is he?

CHITRALEKHA :—My love who came to me and then

deserted me. I know no more. But why were you so shocked?

USHA:—Chitra, I have fear lest you know my secret. Well, if you know, what is the harm? In whom shall I confide, if not in you? But is it possible that a man who appears in one person's dream can appear in the dream of another also?

CHITRALEKHA:—Did this man appear in your dream also?

USHA:—Listen, Chitra. Now four months ago, he appeared one night in my dream. I gave him my heart. I woke up and was grieved that I had become awake. I wondered what merit I had done to enjoy the good fortune of having that dream. He appeared the next night. Do you remember you asked me one day why I was so cheerful? That was the second day of his appearance. Hoping that he would come again I went to bed early on the third day. He came, Chitra, and in dream we were wedded in the *Gandharva* way. Sometimes I think it was mere dream. But then it is not unreal. His words and behaviour have been so clearly impressed on me that I cannot dismiss it as mere fancy.

CHITRALEKA:—The speech and action of a dream are always clearly impressed. That is the way of our mind

USHA:—What if he sang verse, Chitra? I am not a writer of verse.

CHITRALEKHA:—What verse did he sing?

USHA:—I feel so shy to repeat what he said. But I don't mind telling you. He sang about me:

My being longed and ached
To see your pure bright face,
As might the child to see
The moon in brightest phase;

And like a bee awing
To meet its flower-love,
I have flown from far
To be beside thee now.

These were his words. I never had a thought of composing verses about myself and singing them.

CHITRALEKHA :—Of what country is he prince ?

USHA :—He did not tell me. He has not appeared during the last fifteen days. If I wish, he will come. But it seems, in my life-time I can so call on him only thrice. So I do not wish to do it unless there is need. And now, Chitra, what shall I do if father asks me to marry Mayura ? I should say I am married but he will be angrier still.

CHITRALEKHA :—Usha, now you yourself tell me what I hesitated to ask. Leave alone your father's being angry if you tell him you are married. In the first place he will not believe it. But do you know your present condition ? The good name of the Royal House is at stake.

USHA :—Fear not, Chitra. I am sure I am married, and if need arises I shall show my lover to my father. He has agreed to show himself if I desire it. But he says that my calling on him thus bodes ill to my people. He says also that then his power to move about in the dream world will be lost to him. Why should I be the cause of taking away from him the divine power that he now enjoys ? It is enough for me that he has accepted my love.

CHITRALEKHA :—He has not told you who he is.

USHA :—I asked him but he only said that he was related to persons whom my father disliked, and that I should know everything in good time.

CHITRALEKHA :—Usha, rare is your fortune. You see, I saw him just one night and yet I felt that vision was the fulfilment of my life. I can draw his likeness in a picture. I draw it and consider myself most blessed. And so I am. And you, my dear, you own him. He comes when you call. He takes form when you wish. Great is your good fortune. Believe me, there can be nothing greater. I saw him once in my dream and do not desire any other thing. How can you marry Mayura after having owned him ?

LEELA :—(Entering) The king is coming.

CHITRALEKHA :—The king ! Why did you call the king ?

LEELA :—I called Malini and was returning. The king met me on the way and asked me where I had gone. I

told him. Mayura also was there. Both of them are coming. (Mayura and Banasura enter. Malini comes behind. Usha and Chitra stand up. The Veena and the picture are left on the floor in confusion).

BANA :—What is this that Leela tells me ? What picture was it and why did you swoon ?

MAYURA :—(Picking up the picture and holding it up) This must be the picture.

BANA :—(Looking at it) Is this the one? (No one speaks) Why are you silent? (To Leela) Look here, you girl, come here. Is this the picture ?

(Leelavati looks at Usha)

USHA :—Yes.

BANA :—Whose picture is it? Speak. (Usha is silent. To Chitra) You who drew it, tell me who it is.

CHITRALEKHA :—I do not know.

BANA :—(Turning to Usha) Who is he ?

USHA :—He is my lover, but who he is I do not know.

BANA—How fine ! my house has come to a pretty pass. (To Chitralekha) You drew a picture without knowing who it is ? You are a proper companion to this witless girl who loves him without knowing who he is. Usha, hear my last offer to you. Marry Mayura and live. Refuse and. . . .

USHA :—I have married my lover. I cannot marry Mayura.

BANA :—You married ? Without my leave ? Who then is this man ?

USHA :—I shall call him and let you know who he is.

BANA :—How can he come here without my leave ?

USHA :—He can. He comes as a dream and becomes real.

BANA :—O wretch—what falsehood you can utter ! Are you indeed my daughter—or was your mother faithless ?—You deserve to be killed for your wantonness.

(Unsheathes the sword)

MALINI :—Alas ! How can you raise your hand against your daughter ? And do you not see she is with child ?

(She comes between Banasura and Usha. Mayura grasps the hand of Banasura).

BANA :—With child! Has she brought that disgrace on my house? Alas! That I begot such a vile creature! Wretch! Renegade!

USHA :—I have done nothing to be ashamed of.

BANA :—Then show me this husband of yours.

USHA :—I can show him. But first give me word that you will do no harm to him.

BANA :—Do no harm to him! For what he has done to me, I will kill him.

USHA :—If you must kill, kill me. I shall not call him, just to be killed by you.

BANA :—Have you got him here concealed?

USHA :—No. He will come when wanted.

BANA :—This is nonsense. It will be well if you produce him immediately. Otherwise, despair of life.

CHITRALEKHA :—Usha—what fitter occasion can there be? Call for him.

BANA :—You are in the know of this. It is you who have spoilt her. You should be punished first. (Goes to strike Chitralekha)

USHA :—Alas! What shall I do? (Coming between Banasura and Chitralekha)—O Lord! appear, show yourself. I cannot bear to see Chitra come to harm. (After a moment of silence Aniruddha appears between Bana and Usha. Usha is about to fall in a swoon. Aniruddha holds her).

ANIRUDDHA :—Salutations, O King! Is it heroic to hurt women?

BANA :—Who are you, vile fellow?

ANIRUDDHA :—I am Aniruddha, grandson of Sri Krishna.

BANA :—You are a thief and are worthy grandson to a thief. But why did you step into this den of lions and get caught? Do you think you will escape, fool? I shall end your life.

ANIRUDDHA :—Do so. But first let us wake up your

daughter from her swoon. (Makes Usha wake and take a seat and fans her.)

BANA :—This is good; very good. Mayura, keep this rascal here. I shall send servants. Bind his hands with chains and make him prisoner.

MAYURA :—But you must not take his life. It is my business to fight with him and kill him. (To himself) What, is he really more handsome than I? (Looking at his face in the mirror)

(Exit Bana)

USHA :—(To Aniruddha) My Lord—So you are still here? And it is true that you have come? I feared it was only a dream as usual.

ANIRUDDHA :—Dream and reality are alike real to you. Are you better?

USHA :—Yes. Where is father? I hope he did not hurt you.

ANIRUDDHA :—No, nor will. (Guards come and stand at the doors).

USHA :—What is this?

GUARDS :—The king has ordered that no one should be allowed to leave this place, madam.

USHA :—What shall we do now?

ANIRUDDHA :—Nothing. The king merely desires that we should not be separated.

USHA :—What about Chitralekha?

ANIRUDDHA :—I have asked of my grandfather that none here should suffer.

USHA :—O, I am so happy. My Lord, this is Chitralekha. (Chitralekha stands to one side bashfully). Why! you know her already!

ANIRUDDHA :—How do you know?

USHA :—It is by looking at the picture drawn by Chitra that I fainted. Leela, what an innocent babe you are? Why did you tell the king of the picture?

LEELA :—He asked me why you fainted. How should I know it was the picture of brother-in-law? I said 'picture'

and then hesitated. But he would not leave me. Then I thought it wouldn't matter and told him.

ANIRUDDHA :—Had Chitra drawn my picture ?

CHITRALEKHA :—(Aside) Why are they saying all this ? How is this ? He is not so fair as he appeared in the dream. (Goes apart and stands looking through the window).

USHA :—Yes. That is how I knew you had seen her. Their songs and that picture made me feel that they knew my secret and wanted to test me. Anyhow, Leela has caused a great ado today.

LEELA :—Ado indeed ! It was I who had married ; it was I who drew the picture ; and it was I who fainted. All this was myself. Being such a clever girl, Usha, why did you not tell us that it was brother-in-law's picture before you fainted ? See, I have been responsible to get him here and I deserve a good word. But what do I get instead ? A great ado ? I shall never make a mistake again. The next time I see a picture, I shall conclude it is Chitralekha's lover and all will be well.

ANIRUDDHA :—And the next picture after that will be your lover.

LEELA :—Girls who write poems and paint pictures may be satisfied with lovers in pictures. But I and girls like me need real ones.

CHITRALEKHA :—How talkative you are, Leela. Behave yourself before strangers.

LEELA :—Who is a stranger, Chitra, and what is it I have done ? You ought to show our brother the courtesies due from a sister-in-law. But you are standing speechless like a doll. Shall not I at least offer these civilities to our sister's husband ? Come in, brother, and sit in more comfort. (Moves towards the inner room taking hold of Usha's hand).

ANIRUDDHA :—Yes, I am coming. My grandfather should know of what has occurred. You, sisters, go in. I shall offer a prayer and join you presently.

(Chitralekha, Usha and Leelavati go in. Aniruddha offers a prayer)

O Grandsire, listen to my prayer.
It is your vow to save those who belong to you and call on you for help.
I your grandson, and this my beloved wife,
We need you, sire. Pray come and help.
You are everywhere and see everything ;
You melt the hardest heart and bend those who are mighty.
Make my beloved's father forgive what she has done ;
And for Prahlada's sake give good to this family.
Forgive the trouble I have caused in my ignorance,
And save me and her who is mine.

(He goes in)

(Curtain drops)

(Servants enter from either side)

FIRST SERVANT :—Hi, here : Is the guard all right ? The king wished it to be looked to.

SECOND SERVANT :—Is no one to be sent to relieve the guard ? We have been here four days.

FIRST SERVANT :—That day as soon as the king went out, the guards of the city gate came and said that Krishna's discus had come before the city and that it was difficult to keep it off. We had to take out our king's discus and keep it before the other. As we learnt that Krishna was soon coming himself, we made ready for battle. And amidst this bustle, we forgot all about you.

SECOND SERVANT :—Has Krishna come ?

FIRST SERVANT :—He came this morning with a small army. Our people fought but were beaten. Baneswara and Krishna have stood up to fight each other.

SECOND SERVANT :—Who is winning ?

FIRST SERVANT :—Baneswara has taken on his thousand arms. Who is then to oppose him ? Krishna does not however care for that. His discus alone can conquer the three worlds. The result has to be seen.

SECOND SERVANT :—If somebody relieves me, I could go and see the fight.

FIRST SERVANT :—Well, I shall send some one.

(The two go in different directions)

(The curtain rises. The front of Usha's residence. Usha and Chitralekha are seen.)

USHA :—Chitra, what is the news ?

CHITRALEKHA :—It seems that Sri Krishna and your father are fighting. The result has to be seen.

USHA :—I cannot wish complete victory to either. Lord Krishna has to forgive the faults of my father and save him. If father would use some patience all would be well.

CHITRALEKHA :—Wish good to both.

(Servant enters.)

SERVANT :—Good madam. Krishna won. It seems the king's discus was broken and Krishna cut off all his arms. The Yadavas are entering the city.

USHA :—Alas ! What shall we do now ? I shall send my husband to beg of Sri Krishna to spare the life of my father. (Goes inside. Bustle outside. Sri Krishna, Banasura, Narada and others enter.)

SRI KRISHNA :—Baneswara, though you have always treated me as an enemy, I have nothing but love to you. You are very dear to me, descendant of Prahlada. You too in your heart must have only love for me, but in loyalty to your race you have had to be unfriendly. Now that my grandson loves your daughter we have a new reason for friendship. Narada was the first to tell Aniruddha about Usha. The first night the boy saw some one else and came sway, but the next night he saw Usha. When he said he would marry her I gladly agreed. If you now approve, we shall solemnise formally the marriage that the young couple have already concluded.

BANESWARA :—As you please.

SRI KRISHNA :—I know it is not out of mere courtesy you

say this. Come, let us go. We have to be very grateful to Narada Maharshi for this our friendship.

NARADA :—Krishna, I am afraid of your gratitude. You cut off the arms of the bride's father on the day of the marriage. What may gratefulness from such a person mean to the man who only brought about the marriage?

SRI KRISHNA :—You know what it may mean? (Seeing Chitra)—Who is this young lady?

BANA :—It is Chitralekha, my daughter's companion.

NARADA :—And your devotee, Krishna. Chitra, come and make salutations to our Lord.

CHITRALEKHA :—Salutations to the revered one. (Bends low in reverence)

SRI KRISHNA :—May you prosper, my daughter. Where are Usha and Aniruddha? (They enter)

USHA :—(Seeing her father) O! father, how are you? (seeing his arms are all right) I was afraid what had happened to you.

BANA :—Have no fear, child. The loss of those arms is no matter. I have merely slipped oft a burden. Do obeisance to your grandfather, and to Narada Maharshi.

USHA :—I shall do your bidding. (Stands beside her husband.)

SRI KRISHNA :—Aniruddha, your boyish prank has caused all this trouble. Make your humble salutations to your father-in-law and Narada Maharshi.

ANIRUDDHA :—As you command. (Aniruddha and Usha do obeisance to the elders)

BANA :—The priests have been asked to make preparations for the marriage. Let us go there.

SRI KRISHNA :—Very well. Rukmini, Satyabhama and everybody else have come expecting the marriage. If you send word to the camp they will also be present for the ceremony.

BANA :—This will be done. (They all go in).

USHA :—(To Aniruddha) You too go in, love; I shall come in a moment. (He also leaves. Usha takes hold of Chitralekha) I have a request to make to you, Chitra.

CHITRALEKHA :—You are very formal, Usha.

USHA :—Leave that aside. Now this is my request. You also agree to marry Aniruddha. I shall ask him to agree.

CHITRALEKHA :—Usha, please say no more about it ; my marriage is over. My lover married me in a dream and disappeared. I cannot marry again. Be happy with Aniruddha. I shall be happy in seeing your happiness.

USHA :—Is that the final word ?

CHITRALEKHA :—Quite.

USHA :—As you please then.

CHITRALEKHA :—(To herself) Did Usha mean this offer or make it merely out of civility ? (Seeing Narada near-by, looks ashamed.)

NARADA :—Are you discontented, Chitralekha ?

CHITRALEKHA :—No—revered sire.

NARADA :—Supposing you are, I would say give up dis content. The supreme Lord calls each person to His service in a different-way. The invitation may come to you differently.

CHITRALEKHA :—I am waiting. But when the invitation comes, how shall I know it is the real one ? This was an invitation just now.

NARADA :—The ear knows when the strings are in tune. The mind will know when the proper invitation comes. This call to you was not one to accept. That is why your mind turned away from it. The rule is : keep the heart pure ; the call will come in proper time ; and when it comes you will know.

(Sri Krishna and Baneswara enter in front of the curtain)

SRI KRISHNA :—This alliance that has taken place today, has confirmed our friendship. We could not be nearer.

BANA :—Though my grandfather was your devotee, I looked upon you as my enemy all these days. I am happy that you have forgiven this. What I say is not merely wisdom learnt by defeat. Nor is it merely due to the desire that my child should be happy in your house. I pray on my own account that I should be counted as your own.

SRI KRISHNA :—Good sir, I have never stood aloof from him who desired my friendship. Make sure only of your love to me. Of love on my part have no doubt.

BANA :—I am grateful. (He goes).

(Enter Satyabhama)

SATYABHAMA :—The bride and bridegroom are seated. Instead of wasting your time here, you might as well come and see them.

SRI KRISHNA :—Nobody came and told us.

SATYABHAMA :—Have I not come now ?

SRI KRISHNA :—Look at it, Narada. She told us just now and so I should have gone already there. This is married bliss and reason !

SATYABHAMA :—Who doubts that it is bliss and reason? Not you! Come, come, and do not waste time. (All go. Satyabhama aside to Krishna) Come and see the fun. If we had delayed ten days, we should have had the decking with flowers[1] instead of marriage.

SRI KRISHNA :—Refined women like you have to be meticulous in these matters. Usha is a Rakshasa girl. What does it matter ?

SATYABHAMA :—Now Krishna, what do you think ? We call these people Rakshasas, do not we ? They call us just the same. That woman they call Malini said in my hearing that we talked like Rakshasa women.

SRI KRISHNA :—Did she refer to you or to others also ?

SATYABHAMA :—Enough of that, come. If I am a Rakshasa woman, won't you be a Rakshasa ?

SRI KRISHNA :—Anyhow we are entering into alliances with Rakshasas.

SATYABHAMA :—If you have a large family you cannot afford to distinguish between Suras and Asuras. Your descendants have to go elsewhere for girls. And then you also don't make any distinction between person and person. Any one who approaches you as friend you treat as friend.

[1] A beautiful ceremony performed during the fourth month of pregnancy.

SRI KRISHNA :—True. (They go in)

(Curtain rises. Sri Krishna, Narada, Banasura and others enter the marriage pavilion and take their seats. Usha and Aniruddha make prostrations to elders.)

BANA :—Isn't the function over? (As Usha bows her head and makes salutation) Live long and happy as wedded wife. Your mother did not live to see this. If the musicians have come, let them show some of their skill before Sri Krishna.

LEELA :—The musicians have all hidden themselves owing to Narada's presence.

BANA :—You sing a song then. (To Sri Krishna) If you hear her sing, sire, you will arrange for her wedding also.

SRI KRISHNA :—That is not difficult. There are many youths among us.

LEELA :—(Sings)

Come, O sister, come with me
To where the jasmine and tuberose
Bloom by Jumna's hither shore,
And where the slow breeze wafts their fragrance
As from heaven's open door.

Come, sweet sister, come with me
To where on Jumna's spacious sands
The moon's clear light has come to play,
Where all our friends have gone to seek
And find Sri Krishna if they may.

Come, my sister, come with me
To where, concealed behind the trees
By Jumna's stream, our Krishna plays
His flute to rob the hearts of those
Who hear and leave them in a maze.

Come, O sister, come with me
We two shall go to Jumna's sands
And drink the strains of Krishna's song
And with the moonlight we shall swoon.
Nay, sister, we are here too long.
Come, O sister, come with me.

SRI KRISHNA :—Why, this is a song from my part of the country. How did it come here ?

BANA :—You conquered our kingdom today. You had conquered our people's hearts earlier still. Once before when I heard this song I became angry, but now I hear it, it pleases me.

SRI KRISHNA :—(To Chitralekha) Well, my daughter, come to Dwaraka with your sister, and find your Krishna there. (Chitralekha is looking at Narada)

NARADA :—Have you felt the call, Chitralekha ?

CHITRALEKHA :—Is it the call ? O ! I am so happy.

USHA :—What is it, Chitra ?

NARADA :—She too will come to Dwaraka.

SRI KRISHNA :—Yes. Chitralekha and Leelavati should come. Usha must have her friends with her.

BANA :—Certainly, as it pleases you. Now, will the ladies sing the benediction ?

(Married women come and perform *Arati*)

Come bless the Lord who is the life
That lives in water, earth and sky ;
Come bless him who is mercy's self
And Lord of all eternally ;
Come bless the Lord who is compact
Of Being, Truth and endless Bliss ;
Sing 'He is firm upon his throne
And all that is is ever His.'
Come bless the Lord.

The March into the Night

By Nolini Kanta Gupta

Endless, endless labours the way:
Its meanderings seem always to come back near to the same old familiar spot.
We have travelled through long ages and countless lives,
Through immemorial vistas of Time, as though through all the length of Eternity—
And yet see we not the same old sun jogging up and down
Between its same old prison bars?
The lone luminaries afar that appear so close to the very heart of the Great Mystery,
Twinkle and blink as inconsciently as ever;
The cold and barren face of the moon stares as bland and stupid as its wont;
The same old shadow still lingers at our feet and entangles them inexorably;
And the eternal viper remains coiled fast into the darkness of our entrails······
The march of aeons has brought us none the nearer to Light or Deliverance.

Ah, Soul, we have indeed progressed into obscurity,
Into a deeper and deeper gloom have we entered—
Yet who is this intrepid voyager that has dared the other Unknown, the nether profundities?
It is thou, O my Soul, it is the Light itself, the beacon from above!
For whither else could progress lie?—
Towards Light and more Light?
But the Soul is All-Light and needs no illumination;
It is Darkness that yearns for the Light
And so the Soul has descended in answer
Into the gloom—

THE MARCH INTO THE NIGHT

The gloom stretches interminable,
The abyss seems fathomless,—
Only to the spirit that ventures with its own lantern ;
But my Soul is never alone—the Mother of Light upbears it—
A cataract of limitless blaze swirls behind
And presses it forward in and through the gloom
That will roll out and melt,
Sooner perhaps than one may believe,—
The Soul and gloom and all—
Right on the other side
Into the free and infinite and sheer translucence.

The Late Dr. Rangachariar

By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN, M.A., B.L.

When the history of Madras gets recorded, there is a name which will appear towering above the rest with its sure hold on our lasting impressions. It is the name of 'the Doctor'. There is something in the appellation which of itself demands our unalloyed gratitude. That is the pre-eminent reason why Dr. Rangachariar will be ever remembered. We know the doctor's is the most important profession, not even excepting the lawyer's, which is equally distinguished. But the better the kind of profession one belongs to, the more desirable it is that one should be better of its kind. One honourable calling does not differ much from another in its service to society; but the doctor's needs must be the most serviceable. And Dr. Rangachariar never struck anyone but that he existed for others, ever diligent in his succour to the suffering, ever planning for their health and welfare.

Years back when, in this city of distances, no other doctor could be induced to respond to urgent calls with innate promptitude and celerity, Dr. Rangachariar was the first to fly to his patient's side, no matter how poor and unknown, whether in the heart of the city or on its fringes. If eschewing every other thought in the concentration upon his work of saving lives would imprint the doctor with the mark of an angel, he was indeed an angel. Like science, he seemed to conquer the forces of nature in his steadfast aim of help and progress to humanity. The tremendous speed of his car, the silent working of his mind in an atmosphere charged with the keenest expectation of the consequences of life and death, the utter lack of communicativeness on his part when faced with a grave situation, all denoted his intense devotion to his work, and his work only. Never could it be



Dr. S. Rangachariar

From a sketch by
K. Ram Mohan Sastri

By courtesy of
The M. L. J. Press

laid at his door that he posed for being profound or was hasty to escape strain and strenuous labour. If he showed himself quick and overcoming all personal inconveniences in the discharge of his duties during the day, he was even more ready to help the diseased and the dying in the gloomier hours of the night, denying himself both the necessary rest and sleep. Naturally, his was the one name that spread from mouth to mouth with the great increase in his practice and the still greater increase of his share in relieving the misery of the world. He seemed to seize life with a superhuman energy, harnessing every bit of it to a higher purpose. He reckoned, not without practical wisdom at any rate, that to die in the comfort of an undisturbed conscience is as assuring as that of a secure fortune or a safe investment.

But, strangely enough, he seemed not to recognise God in any form. Perhaps he considered it even ' impertinent to interpose a religions sentiment, when the call of action was imminent. Rather the ceaseless occupation of a life of ungrudging service deprived him of the reflective calm to engender the ' gentle flame of devotion ' in his heart. The very disproportionate supply of human woes might have so much benumbed his feelings as to take away all sense of devotion to an All-Merciful Being. He conveyed the feeling to the last, that he was not captivated by any religions spirit in the faithful discharge of his duty.

Still unlike the rest of us, he evolved a higher destiny for himself. The spur to his action was not the incentive of lesser men. It is clear he was not actuated by a mere passion to reach the pinnacle of professional glory. Else he would not have chosen an individual line of his own in everything he did, from the manner and method of his treatment to the spirit and sacrifice he brought to bear on his work, no matter how risky and subject to criticism sometimes such a deviation from the generality inclined him. The moment he learnt of an increasing demand on his labours, he was not loath to relegate every other claim on him to a subordinate place in his attentions. He never stopped

for gain nor spared himself for profit. He neither considered it fair to impose on others his uncommon intellect nor felt it proper that others should be curious to know the springs of his action. He was ever alive to his great powers and was confident to the very core of his being. He shaped his life and carried his thoughts in unison with the distinguished career he carved out. No doctor ever achieved greater reputation with less obtrusion of his self or with more calculated neglect of all arts to win popularity and recognition. He allowed others to share the keen sense of rivarly and success. He had an absolute indifference to the wealth he amassed and a disregard for all professions and fuss that combine to aid the accumulation of importance in social circles. His manner was generally abrupt and reticent. It was legitimately born of a feeling that wasting talk and gossip during work would lure away the mind from realising the full responsibility of the task before it. He did not welcome idle pleasure or conviviality, and if he happened to sail for a distant land, he preferred to leave the station without informing even his closest friends when exactly he would move away, lest their warm demonstrations should embarrass him.

It is but natural that such a brilliant man with a conspicuous title to admiration should have excited jealousy in his colleagues when he was in the Government's employment. True, he was not much disposed to co-operate with others in his work, with that superior brain of which he was justly conscious. True also, that ordinary minds, when brought into contact with his, felt the depression of inferiority complex. It was patent, his mind had a precision that amazed his co-adjutors. They could not keep pace with the ever invigorating resourcefulness of his brain. It was assuringly collected even in the vortex of complication. It was always self sufficient, never self-deceptive. It never took in anything for granted nor gave up everything that was offered as useless. Throughout, this sane attitude to think for himself stood him in good stead. His early distinction as a sure hand at every form of surgery; his increasing reputation in the mofussil for

his creditable handling of the most difficult major operations; his unparalleled skill in maternity cases; his splendid courage in running a private nursing home of his own after resigning his connection with the General Hospital,—all speak volumes of his ability to rise to unapproachable eminence in the profession. To find him working like a machine without interval in the Nursing Home from the break of day till the sun had actually crossed the meridian, with nothing to wet his throat save a cup of buttermilk occasionally, convinced us of his stamina to sustain him in the varied and taxing work he performed. Notice him in a critical situation brought almost face to face with Death trying to cast the noose round his patient's neck, his lips compressed in thoughtful silence, his gait rapid and decisive, his intolerance rampant at the anxiety expressed by the patient's relatives, his looks demanding room for his movement in the sick-room and freedom from prying eyes round the sick-bed, his whole manner indicating extreme control of irritability. One might even consider him almost at his wit's end to save the ebbing life. His powers would then rise equal to the occasion. He employed all his acquired skill and experience in finding out a way for ensuring hope. At his suggestion his assistants would fly and fetch the necessary instruments. There would be no noise or commotion, but only briskness adequately joined to alertness. There would be no lack of clarity of thought, no rashness exposing want of foresight, none of the incorrigible fads from which specialists suffer, not a word or sign of slackening effort, nothing but intense functioning of the mind to the last, with all the sincerity of purpose and optimism at his command. Doctors there have been and are, prized for their powers of efficient diagnosis; but none who could more readily and unostentatiously devise remedies without causing any the least anxiety in the patient about the dire malady or its fatal course. There have been many experienced men in the profession with a claim to recognition for their infinite capacity to take pains; but none more prone to combine, so happily, whatever the latest

scientific thought taught him with the knowledge gained by personal observation of two decades and more.

But to look upon him as purely an automaton is to forget the fine traits which shaped him into a worthy specimen of our race. Beneath the great doctor were visible traces of a spotless character. To adhere to intellectual honesty and independence without fear of losing popularity is no easy thing in any profession, much less in the medical. A busy practitioner, if he desires to become prosperous, can hardly afford to erase, rightly or wrongly, the impression on his patients that medicines alone would work the desired change. It assures him an abiding clientele and a name for drawing upon an inexhaustible memory for medicines, which flow fast from his pen as he writes the prescription. Dr. Rangachariar was never influenced by any such thought to prove his indispensability by a prescription. He was careful in his examination of a case, cautious in his administration of the quantity of doses, and cared not for the patient's favour or ill-will, provided he was himself sure of the nature of the disease and the treatment it required. Sometimes he was so frank as to pronounce the person, seeking consultation with him, free from any actual complaint. He would even repeatedly instil into the mind of his indefatigable client the utter uselessness of medicines when a timely regulation of his diet or exercise could do the needful and restore him to normal health. Unlike a distinguished contemporary, he trusted more to his own intellect than to faith. If he failed in his honest endeavours, he never resigned himself to a higher power. He seemed to devote no more thought to the interaction and play of Destiny in such matters than his Rolls Royce did as it noiselessly sped through the thoroughfares of men. He suffered little from philosophic tendencies that counsel complete surrender of effort under the omnipotence of Fate. But if his mind was not yielding to the wider interests of public life like that of the late Dr. Nanjunda Rao of Mylapore, it worked within the chosen confines with a rare dedication and wholesome detachment. He was more

inclined to satisfy his own conscience than seek satisfaction of the vast multitude of his patients. His judgment only was his friend, his reason alone his philosopher, his optimism his chief guide. Once, in the oppressive suspense in which people found themselves regarding the condition of a patient, a bold lady thought it not improper to acquaint the doctor of the considerable worry of the relatives of the patient and asked him whether another doctor's help at such a juncture would not be desirable in arriving at a decision about the nature of the illness. He was heard to remark afterwards as he left the house 'she thinks she can beard the lion in its own den'. Such was his attitude to any attempt to interfere with him. He was strong in his resolution and braved the stoutest opposition if he had to. He could put up with any scandal and rumour about him. He never looked affected or appeared to take notice of their existence. More than once, vile jealousy engineered the most objectionable form of rumour against him. It was said in the year 1926 that he had died at Ooty and his body was to be removed by train to Madras. The information spread like wild fire and many were the enquiries that reached him. He never probed into the causes of or the psychology behind such an outrageous invention of a story. He smiled gently at such spurious anecdotes, while enthusiastically enjoying a game of bridge at the Lawley Institute on the hills, with surprising ease and unconcern.

This unconcern and detachment he evinced in every phase of his life. His living a life untrammelled by conventions and contritions of any kind elevated him from abject conformity to public opinion. If he was generous in his impulses, he sought no reason to justify his bounty. He never argued nor tried to explain. He scarcely wavered in choosing his own manner of appreciation of a good thing.

Few others sought less to earn undying plaudits or proved more immune against the temptations and vanities of a successful career. Unlike many others in the grip of unprecedented success that wipes out all vestiges of delicacy,

he was loath to dwell upon his achievements or indulge in listening to others' narration of them to his face. If ever he was overcome by feelings of confusion and conflict, it was only when his beneficiaries tried to evince their admiration for him in a fitting manner. He was deliberately gentle and considerate to his numerous patients and never bargained for the amounts he should receive from them as his fees. Whatever was paid was accepted by him with no more feeling than one of placid satisfaction that he did his duty and they theirs in return. But if ever one tried to reduce the amount of his medical bill after asking repeatedly for it, he would not hesitate to show his resentment in the sharpest manner possible. 'You see, I am not going to be dealt with like that,' he would utter, and as the jerky sentences finished with the closing of those lips in derision, one felt that to have incurred his displeasure was to have courted disgrace of the worst type.

The picture would remain incomplete without mentioning the lighter aspects of the man. Under cover of a somewhat reserved nature, he hid a storehouse of rich humour and pleasantry. In a facetious company comprised of his close friends he could freely employ any amount of lively banter and subtle joke. 'What a garrulous man he is!' said a friend of his in high position, 'you can listen to him for hours without flagging.' Maybe he was not a polished conversationalist or a connoisseur of diverse arts, yet his culture had just that measure of sobriety and commonsense to enable him to judge rightly of those who displayed them.

As a safe physician and a remarkable surgeon he will be placed high among the best in the ranks of the medical profession. Whatever record leap to light, he shall never be criticised for mismanaging a case that ended fatally. He might have occasionally given room for complaint regarding his indifference to slight changes in the health of a person otherwise keeping a normal condition. He might have appeared unsympathetic to a mind requiring constant attendance without any justification whatever in his eye. He might have hurt

some with his somewhat sharp and truculent expressions if they tried to assist him. But never was he less wary or observant of the points of complaint than any of the most patient or painstaking doctors. Why, he possessed a most enviable mixture of the qualities that were best in others. Most memorable indeed, or rather cherishable, than all the rest of his traits, was his complete emancipation from vilifying tendencies that beset others in the same field as himself, though, if occasion forced it, he could show himself quite capable of a crushing retort or retaliation.

His death has been mourned by high and low as having struck the deepest blow at them. Many who have not known him too closely or grasped the inner workings of the man, feel they have lost in him a genuine friend and benefactor. We wonder then, was it the dominating personality of the doctor that influenced them ? Or was it his complete individuality or his singular disregard of the normal methods by which doctors try to impress their patients ? Or was it something sharply penetrating in his looks and soothingly resonant in his inspiring voice ? Or was it, after all, the inexplicable glamour clinging to him of his Rolls Royce and Moth-plane ? For whatever reason, he stamped himself vividly on the mind of the people of a vast presidency. He is indeed imperishable, although the cruel flames have consumed his great and good freightage. He lives; for he belongs to that order of men who, like stars, shine for ever, reminding life on earth of True Labour having ' its summit in heaven '.

Rabindranath's Paintings

By G. VENKATACHALAM

India recognised the genius of Tagore, as a poet, only after Europe put its seal of approval on his poetry; and now that Europe and America, through their connoisseurs and critics, acclaim him as a painter of great distinction and rare merit, India is slowly beginning to acknowledge his gifts in that direction. When news first reached India that Tagore was holding an exhibition of his works in one of the leading salons in Paris and that artists and art-critics were applauding his art, and when further it was told that art galleries in Europe and the States were purchasing his pictures at fabulous prices, many wondered and thought it a huge joke. But, as it proved later, Tagore held his exhibitions not only in Paris but in other leading art-centres in England, Germany, and New York, and some of the foremost National Art Galleries in those countries vied with one another in possessing his paintings, and his success as a painter was one of the biggest surprises in the art history of modern times.

But when he recently held an exhibition in the city of Bombay, his pictures literally puzzled and mystified the Indian public. One noticed worried looks in the eyes of visitors, and heard all sorts of amusing comments. 'You call this art?', snapped an outraged society lady, herself a widely travelled woman and a writer, but of nervous temperament. 'We don't understand these pictures, frankly we dont', observed many well-meaning friends and admirers of Tagore and his poetry. 'This art is beyond us', confessed a young girl artist, and added cynically, 'One must be born, I suppose, in Bengal to appreciate it.' Here and there one met a person who showed interest in the pictures and discovered some artistic merits in them. If Tagore's paintings do not arouse any enthusiasm or admiration for his art, they at least set

people thinking about newer modes of artistic expression than one is generally used to.

Tagore's works are not to be judged by the ordinary accepted academic standards, for the simple reason that they are not painted after any accepted style, school or tradition. No rules of the art are applicable to them. They are just creations of playful moods and unfettered joy, and so they share the nature and significance of all original impulses. Laws and rules do not give birth to art; art creates its own idioms and expressions. Thus there is really no criterion by which original creative efforts like those of Tagore's could be judged. They must be appraised on their own intrinsic worth, their inner vital quality.

Tagore was not trained in any academic school. He never studied the art of painting under any master, nor does he consciously copy or follow any style or technique. The creative urge in him plays with lines and colours which take definite shape and design under the spell of his genius. He never strives after any perfection of form or idea but just lets his fancy or imagination create figures or portraits, scenes or symbols, effortlessly and without prejudice. They are like the play-creations of a child, simple, spontaneous and beautiful.

Some are crude and unfinished; some are delightfully drawn with an eye for precision of line, balance and composition. Whatever may be their æsthetical merits, there is no doubt that everyone of them is intensely alive with a dynamic vitality, like a piece of sculpture. There is grace, beauty, movement and suppleness in every line and curve that he draws. His art is really an inspired art; and there is freshness and originality in all his single figure studies and group compositions. The poetic and lyrical nature of his pictures are obvious. As he says himself: 'My pictures are my versification in lines. If by chance they are entitled to claim recognition, it must be primarily for some rhythmic significance of form which is ultimate, and not for any interpretation of an idea or representation of a fact.' Even the most un-

finished picture of his has this 'rhythmic significance of form,' and it is this that makes his art so interesting.

Tagore seldom bothers himself with the regular paraphernalia of an artist: studio, easels, palette, brushes, pigments, canvases, glues and the rest. He paints as he likes and on all kinds of papers, white or coloured, rough or smooth, big or small, even on bits of newspapers. Some of his striking pictures were done with the aid of a simple fountain-pen or piece of cloth or his own thumb and fingers. His portrait studies executed in this style are exceedingly clever. His landscape sketches have a distinct atmosphere, and he now and then paints them in colours, He has a partiality for ordinary liquid colours and it is amazing the rich colourful effects he gets out of them. His decorative designs are genuinely original and some of them ultra-modern and very intriguing.

He has indeed become a prolific painter. He has done several thousands within the last four years, and when he gets the mood he paints dozens of them at a stretch and in a single sitting. His energy is amazing and his enthusiasm is simply contagious. An Indian artist who has observed closely Tagore at work writes: 'As regards the composition of his paintings, our Poet-Painter displays masterly skill. Once he determines the subject of his picture, the outline and spacing come off spontaneously. There is not the slightest faltering and indecision. The work progresses with a series of sweeping movements and the balanced composition remains intact. The lines are drawn with a sure hand and the spacing is so accurate as is only possible from the most experienced artists with years of practice behind him.'

On the whole Rabindranath's paintings have an originality, sincerity, truthfulness and vital quality to be ranked as high as any of the modern masters. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy's pithy statement that Tagore's pictures are not childish but child-like is about the sanest criticism so far oftered on this new phase of Tagore's genius.

Eleven Greatest Living Indians

By K. Iswara Dutt

Who are the eleven greatest living Indians? But why eleven? Because they usually form a team. Then, to repeat my question, who are our eleven greatest? The question appears to be incredibly simple: yet it is immensely difficult to answer. He alone knows the difficulty who addresses himself to the task of making a list. While it would be easy to mention, say, the greatest statesman, the greatest poet, the greatest scientist, the greatest philosopher or the greatest representative in this or that sphere of human endeavour, it is a tough and hazardous job to record the names of the eleven greatest *men*, since it hardly admits of so facile a classification. The primary difficulty centres round one's very conception of greatness.

Happily this is not a matter to be settled by vote. It is not a popularity competition. It will also be admitted that a prominent man is entirely different from an eminent man and that an eminent man is not necessarily—and in many cases emphatically not—a great man. If it is permissible to illustrate my point, Maulana Shaukat Ali is a prominent man, and no more than that. Everyone would agree with Professor Harold Laski when he says, 'My friend Sir Tej is a very eminent man.' I can't say—at any rate I am not sure at this stage—if he will figure in my list of the eleven greatest Indians. Indisputably Gandhiji does. But what is a great man? One can more easily describe than define a great man. I don't think anyone has done it better than Disraeli whom I would like to quote in this connection. Here is a striking passage from his wit and wisdom:

> 'What is a great man? Is it a Minister of State? Is it a victorious general? A gentleman in the Windsor uniform? Is it a Field-Marshal covered with stars? Is it a

prelate or Prince? A King or an Emperor? He may be all these. Yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation.'

Here is surely a basis, and a sound basis, on which one may proceed and indulge in the pleasant pastime of erecting one's own gallery of the greatest living Indians.

To set down the first name there is no difficulty, for there is no doubt. He is so obvious. With apologies to Macaulay the rhetorician, it may be claimed that the Everest is not more decidedly the tallest of mountain peaks, the Mississipi is not more decidedly the biggest of rivers, the Taj is not more decidedly the most beautiful of marble mausoleums, than Mahatma Gandhi is the greatest of living men. And when one speaks of him one need not restrict oneself to India. He has not only no equal: he has no second. Of him it can be said what was thus said of Shakespeare by a contemporary English writer:

> ' He is the greatest thing we have done. He is our challenger in the lists of the world, and there is none to cross swords with him. Like Sirius, he has a magnitude of his own. Take him away from our heavens, conceive him never to have been born, and the imaginative wealth of life shrinks to a lower plane, and we are left, in Iago's phrase, " a poor thing ".'

Notwithstanding his limitations and mistakes of policy which had strange repercussions on the destinies of at least two nations, his greatness is so self-revealing that beside him all other celebrities look dwarfed. He has convulsed the world with his ideas on the one hand and the manifestations of his moral grandeur on the other; he has made, as Gokhale said, heroes out of common clay, and translated us, in Mr. C. R. Reddy's inimitable phrase, from oblivion into history. He is, in one word, incomparable.

It is a relief that one can name the second of our greatest men with equal confidence. There is something peculiarly appropriate in proceeding from the man who is responsible

more than any other for the great national awakening to the one who has given *that* national awakening a voice, and a voice too which greeted all ears, whether in the East or in the West, with a melody almost divine. There will be general agreement with Pandit Jawaharlal's opinion that 'Rabindranath Tagore has given to our nationalism the outlook of internationalism and has enriched it with art and music and the magic of his words, so that it has become the full-blooded emblem of India's awakened spirit'. The Bard of Santiniketan is, indeed, 'the laureate of humanity'.

Who comes next? Now is the real difficulty. In sheer despair I give up all pretensions to assigning the order of merit. While I think that the next four places in my list should go to a group of intellectuals, I fail to see how anyone can decide the rank between four such men as Bose and Ray, Raman and Radhakrishnan, who have by common consent raised India's status in the estimation of the civilised world.

The oldest of them, Sir J. C. Bose, who is now 75, has ceaselessly striven, in his own words, 'to bring the science of the East and of the West into closer affinity for the benefit of humanity'. To what effect? He has been recognised as the greatest biologist, as the 'revealer of a new world', and as one in whom is seen 'an invincible, perhaps immortal, quality which has given a permanence to the Indian civilisation such as no other nation has produced'. And what more glowing tribute can be possibly paid than was done by the Literary Editor of *The Fortnightly Review* who is reported to have said that 'in Sir Jagadish the culture of thirty centuries has blossomed into a scientific brain of an order which we cannot duplicate in the West'?

As a chemist of eminence and a captain of industry, as a teacher and patriot, and above all as one of the most striking examples of 'plain living and high thinking', Sir P. C. Ray has a secure place among the greatest living Indians. Barring Gandhiji, there is perhaps none other than the veteran Acharya of whom it can more appropriately be said that 'greatness never looked so simple'. His ceaseless industry,

his inexhaustible energy, his powers of organisation, his patriotic fervour and humanitarian zeal, and his unending battle against the unemployment of educated youth and the poverty of the people are a source of inspiration to his countrymen.

To have won the Nobel Prize for science is no ordinary distinction, while to have won it on the right side of fifty is no small sign of human greatness. It is India's pride that Sir C. V. Raman occupies a place beside Einstein. He is the author of a discovery which has changed the whole conception of radiation process and already made his name a permanent possession of the world of science.

It is among the obvious limitations of philosophy that in assessing a philosopher's worth there is nothing specific to which one can point out as an outstanding contribution. Yet it is easy to include Sir S. Radhakrishnan among our greatest living men. He is perhaps the finest example of intellectual refinement and philosophic wisdom and reveals a rare combination of what Matthew Arnold terms 'sweetness and light'. As a scholar and thinker he has attained an international position, while in interpreting the West and the East to one another he is playing the role of a cultural and spiritual ambassador. His gift for lucid exposition and moving utterance is the envy—and sometimes the despair—of his compeers. Few have his genius for condensing in a sentence 'the secrets of a life' or for summing up in an epigram the secrets of the universe.

Five more names are required to complete my list. The difficulty naturally increases as I proceed. Perhaps the difficulty is a trifle less than I have just now feared it is, since I have not so far mentioned him who, with the inevitable exception of Mahatmaji, is the greatest national worker we have. A life-long servant of the nation, one who has stepped into the breach at every crisis, a man of incorruptible patriotism and unsullied honour, and a rare example of the combination of ancient tradition and modern temper, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya is among the indispensables.

Who next? I personally think that the next place goes to the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri whose rise is one of the revelations of modern Indian history. As Gokhale's successor and Gandhi's friend, as India's servant and states man, and as the Empire's orator and ambassador, Mr. Sastri has made history. All over the world he has been received as a 'humanitarian agent who combines the breadth of a statesman with the depth of a scholar, and the fervour of an evangelist' and is as much respected for his character as admired for his calibre. There is no exaggeration in the claim of *The Nation and Athenaeum* that he is 'a representative of all that is best in Indian national aspirations—Gandhi's equal in unchallengeable purity of motive, and immeasurably his superior in practical wisdom'.

It is almost with a sense of inevitability that one turns from the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri to the Rt. Hon. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. It is true that he is criticised (as Gladstone was said to be admired) 'by all kinds of incompatible people on all kinds of incompatible grounds', but there is no denying his greatness. As a lawyer he is distinguished, while as a constitutional lawyer he has few equals and no superiors; as a politician he strenuously upheld the cause of the nation, both at home against communal cliques and conspiracies, and abroad against alien interests and diplomacies; as a statesman he has won Gokhale's prestige and valiantly fought for the recognition and attainment of the federal ideal; and as a man he is 'more than the sum of all that he said or did'. With the exception of Pandit Motilal, he is tallest of the Kashmiri Pandits who are, so to say, the ruling race in Northern India. He has learning without pedantry, eloquence without decorative frills, culture which is the product of a happy commingling of Hindu tradition, Western education, and Islamic influence. To the personal ascendancy he has established for himself in Indian politics there can be no greater tribute than that he never depended on parties or groups for his authority to speak in the name of India. People who talk of his political

ambitions have the excuse of ignorance, for any day he would be glad to leave the din and dust of politics for the unparalleled recreation provided by his books and collection of pipes. His unique services to the motherland, his great gifts, not the least of which is his genius for hospitality, and that indefinable something in him which distinguishes his presence, entitle him to figure in any list of India's greatest living men.

I find there are still two more places to be filled for which there is a scramble. I am, however, clear in my mind that my list needs a feminine touch. It is not out of chivalry but out of a sense of fairness that I salute Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as one of the greatest living Indians. She is acknowledged to be one of the world's greatest women. Poet, patriot, peacemaker, nurse—(the Florence Nightingale of *Parnakuti*) —she has played a role not less immense than it is interesting. She is a spell-binder. Who that has an ear 'to the rhythm of a great melody, to the incantation of a noble oratory' fails to be charmed and thrilled by her? She is one of the sweetest symbols of Indian greatness.

Now I am in the face of a crisis. There is room in my list only for one more name among the several names that press for consideration. Should the remaining place be assigned to the handsome and refined young prophet, Sjt. J. Krishnamurti who claims to have 'attained' and calls upon everyone else to attain likewise, without the aid of priests or of organised religion? Or is it Sjt. Aurobindo who illumined the political firmament of India with a flood of incandescence and is now ruminating on the mysteries of the Universe? If not, is it then Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer who is reputed and respected as 'India's most accurate thinker'?

Great as they are, it is none of them who takes the vacant place in my list. I feel I should give preference to one who is a man of the future and who has already established his hold over, and caught the imagination of, the people of India. Who is he other than Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru? Son of Pandit Motilal of imperishable fame, Jawaharlal has 'affected the mind of his generation' more than his father did and

much more than the celebrities whom I have just mentioned. He knows his mind ; he lives dangerously ; he ' dares and never grudges the throe '. As Mr. Brailsford pithily put it, ' this man is a fighter '. The militant follower of a mystic leader, Jawaharlal is, in Mr. Bernays's happy phrase, ' the prophet of youth '. He is, so they say, a potential Mussolini or a Hitler.

Here is my galaxy then, consisting of Gandhi and Tagore, Bose and Ray, Raman and Radhakrishnan, Malaviyaji, Sastri and Sapru, Sarojini and Jawaharlal, who compare favourably with the eleven greatest men of any nation in the world. All of them are of course not equally great, and in the nature of things can't be. Further, contemporary estimates can't stand the test of time. As each year passes the greatness of contemporary celebrities dwindles. Time mercilessly wipes out, certainly some, perhaps many, of the names from my impressive list. A century hence, today's great men may only be known (to students of research) as Mahatmaji's contemporaries. Sweet, indeed, are the revenges—or are they the ravages ?—of time.

Joad on Radhakrishnan

By V. SUBRAHMANYA IYER, B.A.
(Retired Registrar, Mysore University)

No one that has given any thought to the supremely interesting subject: Whither goes mankind? can help paying a tribute of unqualified praise to Mr. C. E. M. Joad for his excellent book 'Counter Attack from the East'.[1] It is one of the most original attempts made, in recent times, at an evaluation of the civilisations of the youthful West and of the grey-headed East. What has called forth so thoughtful an enquiry is evidently the appearance of the series of remarkable speeches and writings of Sir S. Radhakrishnan, the greatest of modern exponents and interpreters of ancient Indian thought. That Radhakrishnan combines in himself extraordinary learning and intellectual acumen, besides striking originality, is universally acknowledged. In weighing Radhakrishnan's exposition in the balance Mr. Joad has excelled all his predecessors in point of fairness, acuteness and independence. He is singularly free from the blinding colour-complex which has so often vitiated the judgments of most Western critics of the East. Joad's exceptional success, in spite of Leonard Woolf's hostile criticism, is not a little due to his estimates being based upon the most impartial of standards, the conclusions of science. Had he only chosen, like Dr. Gore, the view-point of the dogma of religion, he would have given us nothing but a windbag of passion and vilification. Mr. Joad does not seek to hide whatever appears to him to be faulty in the culture of the East or of the West. His determination to call a spade a spade reveals that his sole objective is the search for truth. He is unlike Bishop Barnes, the Gifford lecturer, who though a scientist of no mean order missed the glaring fact, which Joad has seen, that the Hindu

[1] 'Counter Attack from the East' by C.E.M. Joad. (Allen and Unwin, London.)

ideal is less disgraced by the spirit of proselytisation than most religions, by the anomaly of proving their superiority by 'roasting, racking, disembowelling'. This book, whose refined humour is not its least interesting feature, is therefore one that no serious minded thinker can afford to ignore.

In the extensive literature that Radhakrishnan has already produced, which Joad has so patiently and carefully studied, it is not merely this Indian thinker's wonderful mastery of language, literature and thought of the West that Mr. Joad admires, but also the shrewdness with which he percieves the weaknesses of the West as well as of the East. Radhakrishnan warns the world against a continued pursuit of the doubtful and false ideals in both, without discrimination. He is therefore said to have made a 'counter attack from the East' on the West. Now, Joad examines this attack in the book under review.

Turning first to the characteristics of Western culture Mr. Joad himself sums them up in the words:

> 'In general the spirit of the West is hostile to religion. . . . It repudiates what the Victorians called their morals as a preliminary to the adoption of a frankly avowed Hedonism . . . (there is in it) a fundamental scepticism as to the reality of those values which have been traditionally regarded as the ends of human action. . . . The result is that nowhere in the Western world today is there any accepted view as to what men ought to believe, how they ought to act or what things they ought to admire. . . . In a word the ideals of good life in the West are so "self-stultifying" as to produce a positive sense of "deep dissatisfaction" or mental "depression".'

For this 'disease' of the West, which is beginning to infect the East also, Radhakrishnan prescribes the remedy of Eastern religion, in more concentrated and powerful doses of it than has been administered till now. But Joad, after a most thoroughgoing investigation of the Eastern prescription, comes to the conclusion that there is nothing new in it. A rose would smell as sweet called by any other name.

What the West calls *scientific* or worldly wisdom, the East denominates *spiritual* or religious. He says:

> 'Thus Radhakrishnan invokes the *religious* insight of the East to give a *spiritual* background to the recommendations of worldly wisdom of the West. Taking the intimation of the *aesthetic* experience, he interprets in the light of *religious* experience, which transcends our vision, and of his *spiritual* theory of the universe which outstrips our thought . . . Radhakrishnan confirms, in a word, by the light of the *spirit* the practical ethic which we in the West have hammered by the experimental method of *science*.' (The italics are mine)

Next, turning to the East, both the authors agree that the East is 'decadent', that 'there is (in it) a lack of vitality and a spiritual flagging, that it is drifting, and that it is clinging to the shell of religion. It is in danger of being swamped by vigorous tides of the West.' 'Each (East and West) lacks something that is essential: each has something to give. . . . The East has some virtue which has conferred on it a certain 'longevity' while those civilisations which devoted their energies to politics, patriotism and aggrandisement have destroyed themselves. The members of the East have their own ideals of 'good life' which teach them 'how to employ leisure', 'how to sit and listen' and 'to meditate in solitude', while the Westerns are often ill at ease and ever on the hunt for ways of spending time.

In the course of his examination of the Eastern recipe, Joad has gone so deep into the subject as few other critics have till now done. Joad approaches it from the agnostic or non-religious—not anti-religious—standpoint, while Radhakrishnan stands by religion as Joad himself admits. There seems to be such a wide gulf between them in their view-points that the only common ground *seems* to be that of Hedonism, *i.e.*, of happiness in life before death of the body, though Radhakrishnan seeks happiness in the next world also as a man of religion. But inasmuch as the criticism covers an extensive ground, it is not possible here to do more than glance at a few salient features of their respective views.

Joad appears to be labouring under the misapprehension that, in the East, religion is philosophy, though religion is certainly recognised as a step to it. He does not appear to discriminate between the philosophy of religion (or religious philosophy) and philosophy in general *i.e.*, philosophy of life as a whole. The aim of the former, as he himself indicates, is to seek the *satisfaction* of 'losing the self or the soul in something greater'—and of the latter is to seek that unity of knowledge or ultimate truth that explains the universe as a whole, which Joad dismisses with the light-hearted observation: 'How is this oneness to be achieved? An unregenerate child of my age and civilisation, I do not know. Nor in the last resort can Radhakrishnan tell me.' If Joad were serious here, a whole book of the size of his 'Counter Attack' could have been written by him on it. Radhakrishnan's aim appears throughout to be to present Eastern thought in the form in which the largest number in the West and also the Westernised East could understand and interest themselves. Religion is what appeals to the immense majority. And intuitive or 'æsthetic' experience and mystic ecstasy are the strongest citadels, erected on the highest peaks of religion, where fully protecting himself Radhakrishnan delivers his attacks. Radhakrishnan, the man of religion, is evidently applauded by a great majority, who value religion as the dearest possession in life. Yet he does not seem to have carried conviction to scientific minds of the type of Mr. Joad and Mr. Woolf. Philosophy *proper* would have been, I admit, more effective than the philosophy of religion in such cases. But Indian philosophy proper is still 'caviare to the general', as Joad himself would admit (Page 167). Radhakrishnan could not have recourse to it inasmuch as the Western mind is not as yet *rationally* prepared for it, though a few could certainly grasp it. Indian *philosophy* could show Joad not only how most of his criticisms have already been rationally met, but also whether India could offer anything of *real value* to the world, the like of which the sciences and philosophies of the West have not as yet revealed. To grasp it an *intellect* or

a reason (*Buddhi*) disciplined to that pitch of concentration that is characterised as ' one-pointedness ' (*ekagrata*) and of a sharpness keener than the edge of ' a razor ' (*kshurika-dhara*) is needed, which the general Western, and I may also add the general Eastern, mind so deep in the distractions of the world, finds it hard yet to attain. And even the few superior *intellects* of the West are so obsessed with their colour or race prejudices that they would have probably scoffed at Radhakrishnan had he displayed some of these unfamiliar wares of philosophy. I do not refer to miracles but solely to scientifically verifiable or rationally proved achievements.

To give a few illustrations. Nearly 2000 years ago Indian philosophy declared that only he who has the *intellect* (*Buddhi*) to grasp the meaning of what is termed ' causal relation ' can realise the highest philosophical truths. And in that philosophy—not theology—' cause ' is a fiction from the standpoint of pure *truth*, though a *fact* in the merely practical world. How many in the West are prepared to admit it, in spite of their advanced knowledge of science? Just now, a few are making guesses at it. And some of them not being well grounded in it, are off their moorings in making hasty jumps to ' free-will ' which is as much a delusion as ' determinism '.

Again, much older is the distinction between ' monism ' and ' non-dualism '. And yet Europe and America have not the least idea of the difference between these two concepts, which are as far apart from each other as night from day. The want of this knowledge has led Joad into a maze of arguments about ' unity ' and ' multiplicity '.

Nor have Europe and America yet sounded the depths of the meaning of Truth and Reason, though so often they talk of this being real or rational and that not real or rational, as though all men would assent to the verdict of a ' private ' judgment, unrecognised by the ' public ', whereas India has the unique distinction of having attempted a *definite* elucidation of these matters.

This is not all. The West, while it has carried the

analysis of the material world to a most amazing depth and accuracy, has not gone beyond the a.b.c. of the mental world in its study. What has it to say of the psychological—not the physiological—value of sleep, the commonest of psychic phenomena? The realists of the West, qualified or non-qualified, brandish 'givenness' as an invulnerable argument. But what about the 'givenness' experienced in dreams? Have they yet even so much as thought of it? What is meant by the 'given'?

The West has yet to realise the full implications of the negation of the causal relation, and the negation of duality of existences. How could the West, without understanding these, comprehend the full significance of *Maya* or the rationale of *Karma* and rebirth? Unless the West has a definite meaning for its 'truth' and 'reason', how can they see the truth of Radhakrishnan's observation that Pluralism is nothing but a vestige of ancestral religion and dogma still lingering in the blood and clogging its free flow? The philosophy of such truths has therefore to be kept in reserve till Europe and America grow older. When Bertrand Russells and Whiteheads, Max Planks and Einstiens, Jeanses and Eddingtons, Woolfs and Joads feel like all true scientists that even a most insignificant speck of dust trodden under feet might reveal truths of the highest value, and when they with such superior intellect in them make up their mind to *seek truth*, be it hidden in the proud palaces of the West or in the ragged cottages of the East, in other words, when the scientific spirit takes a *much stronger* hold on them than at present and makes them heroes (*Dhira*), as the Hindu philosophers say, in the pursuit of Truth *at any cost*, then will they be able to see what of value there is still left in 'decadent' India. Till then men like Radhakrishnan must make use only of the highest concept of the philosophy of *religion* in interpreting the East to the West.

In this philosophy of religion (or religious philosophy) Radhakrishnan makes intuition the pivot of his thought. But Joad is perfectly justified in refusing to subscribe to the whole

of Radhakrishnan's view of intuition. But the latter who has entrenched himself behind it, has not been so much as shaken, much less overthrown, by his Western critic. As Radhakrishnan has pointed out, 'intuition' and 'intellect' are not independent and separate faculties of the mind. Their activities are inter-dependent. But as Sankara so repeatedly and so clearly points out, intuition unchecked by intellect is of no value in pure philosophy, though intuition uncontrolled by intellect is of supreme value in religion. In India's pure *philosophy*, reason or intellect reigns supreme, not scriptural or sacred or semi-sacred Authority. And in mysticism intuition is supreme. But reason or intellect always implies intuition, which is never ignored. Hence when thus co-ordinated the intellect is called in Indian philosophy *Buddhi.* And whenever the intellect ignores intuition, it leads to what is known as barren verbal wrangling.

In regard to intuition not subordinated to intellect, let me quote a very recent thinker, Mr. Jastrow. In his 'Effective Thinking,' he says: 'The temptation to make of it (intuition) a marvel or a mystery is often present. If we yield to it, we do not strengthen but impair our thinking powers. With transcendent sources of knowledge we have no concern. Those who believe in inspired doctrines do so. By loyalty to a faith, they may attribute such inspiration to prophets, seers or saints. Because of the prevalence of that tradition, there has been a wide dissemination of the belief in supernatural knowledge, in prediction of the future, revelation by way of dreams, second sight, premonitions.' But Indian *philosophy* never divorces 'intuition' from intellect, nor does it subordinate the latter to the former.

Next, the term 'spirit' has a positive meaning in religion. Radhakrishnan is again left unshaken by Joad in spite of his repudiation of 'spirituality'. But certainly in *philosophy* its 'woolliness', as Mr. Joad contends, is most evident. Unless Croces, Gentiles and the religious Radhakrishnans rise above their mysticism and state definitely and exactly what 'spirit' is, 'spirit' cannot have a place in *philosophy*. If it only means

'mind' or 'psyche', why do they want another word? Nor do I know what Hegel or Radhakrishnan, who use the concepts or terms current in the West, mean by the 'Absolute'? Is it a concept? If it be non-conceptual, what does the intuition of the Absolute convey? How do we know that the Absolute exists if this Absolute be different from an æsthetic feeling? Here, does the word '*exist*' convey any meaning or is it a meaningless term? And what does '*meaning*' mean? I presume that if Joad had confined himself to *philosophy*, he would probably have more effectively met Radhakrishnan. What the Idealism of the West has failed to answer is the question: Is the 'spirit' or the Absolute merely a hypothesis or an actual entity? If actual, the West has given no means of verifying it.

Another important point for consideration in Joad's criticism is his final *standard* for judging civilisations, that of Hedonism or happiness in life. He says, in the concluding chapter:

> The only thing that can give *permanent* satisfaction is the employment of our highest faculties at maximum intensity. . . . The doctrine of effort and activity that I have sketched is pre-eminently the doctrine of the intelligent Hedonist. It alone, on the balance-sheet of life, can give a credit of pleasure over boredom. Throw yourself body and soul into your work, lose yourself in an interest. . . . lift yourself up out of the selfish little pit of vanity and desire which is the self, by giving yourself to something greater than the self, and on looking back you will find that you have been happy . . . devotion to impersonal ends offers the only escape from a fatal self-absorption.'

This is no doubt, to a great extent, true. But how do we know that this happiness is, or will be, *permanent?* When owing to any cause my faculties are impaired, or when I have not the faculty to enjoy music or when I see that pain and death surround me, and when there are *others* whose faculties are not so far developed, are there no other means of making myself or others happy? If, according to Joad's biologists,

death should be a merging of the individual in the 'greater', the universe, why should this 'losing' or 'merging' cause fear and why should we seek to save others from death as we do? How am I to 'lose' or 'forget' myself in something greater and yet experience what is called 'satisfaction'? What does satisfaction mean on the disappearance of the self? Or again, is there no higher standard than that of happiness? Is deep sleep a happy or an unhappy state? If happy, what are the things in which our highest faculties are employed then? If unhappy, what is it that makes us happy? And if neutral, why do all mankind, nay even animals, seek sleep or feel unhappy if they be deprived of sleep?

It is true, as Joad observes, that Radhakrishnan is not without detractors. But the attacks on him only raise him to more conspicuous heights. There are millions, nay hundreds of millions in India, who know not the difference between Philosophy and Theology, including Scholasticism and Mysticism, and who have not even dreamt of Science. To such 'quacks', to use Woolf's language, who so often appear in leading journals, philosophy based on science is always like sour grapes. Their glory lies in their 'Sadhanik' (mystic?) experiences leading to 'incandescent intuitions'. We bow to them from as great a distance as we are permitted to stand at and say, 'May they rejoice in their anti-rational and anti-scientific achievements'.

As my object is not to expound Indian *Philosophy* here, I shall content myself with observing that the fact that Radhakrishnan's exposition of Indian thought has evoked such valuable criticism from intellectual (not merely emotional or religious) men is a matter for the most sincere congratulation. If the passion it has roused for the pursuit of truth in men of the type of Joad should continue, and should they be *determined* to reach the *goal*, there is every hope that they will attain to the truth of all the truths of religions and sciences, the truth of philosophy (*Satyasya satyam*), and that through *reason* or *intellect* (*Buddhi*).

Both Mr. Joad and Sir S. Radhakrishnan have by their

brilliant, informing and invaluable publications on the philosophy of Religion, really rendered priceless service to the cause of truth, and the thinking world cannot be too grateful to them. They can never give too much of such thoughts to the world. Not that they have said the last word on such supremely serious subjects, but certainly they have provoked most serious thought in a manner that is really remarkable.

Our Forum

AN INDIAN ACADEMY

To

The Editor, *Triveni*, Madras.

Dear Sir,

I read with great interest the article entitled 'Why not an Indian Academy?' by Dr. P. Guha-Thakurta in the July-August 1933 number of your esteemed paper which was subsequently reproduced in *The Hindustan Times* of Delhi. On perusing the article, I thought that it would attract the attention of the big literary men of the country who could come forward with their opinion and remarks in this matter. But, so far as I am aware, I do not remember any one paying any heed to the proposal excepting Mr. I. A. Chapman who wrote from some Indian State and which was published in *The Hindustan Times*. Hence I was very much pleased when I saw in the Nov.-December (1933) issue of your journal a discussion on the subject by Mr. S. P. Sarma of Madras. I was gratified to think that at least one individual of the South had bestowed a thought over it and I am contributing these lines to your paper in the belief that the flame of discussion already started should be kept alive.

It is really very strange that one should be clamouring for an Indian Academy and nobody will take notice of it. Dr. Guha-Thakurta was perfectly right when he said that it was a misfortune that one had to plead for something one ought to have. The necessity for such an institution cannot, to my mind, be over-emphasised. Judging from the literary output of Bengal alone, such a 'supreme intellectual tribunal' is a necessity to give stimulus to the struggling young literary artists of that province who are really famished for want of recognition and funds. But co-ordination between provinces is a greater necessity, as we do not know whether there is any great intellectual achievement in the Tamil, Andhra or Maharashtra countries in their own language. Thus language is a great barrier between the provinces, almost insurmountable in its nature. Hence I think that branches of the Academy should be established in each province which should

be co-ordinated by a central office at Delhi or Calcutta. Each province should maintain its own language and collect specimens of excellent productions for the year. These will be sent to the central office from all parts of India and the Great Ten of the central office will appraise their value and apportion their merits. The central office must necessarily be run in English in the absence of a common language for the whole of India. The central office should assign the hall-mark of recognition to certain really meritorious works and arrange for their translation, if they consider that it can claim universal approbation. I am told that, in England, the Royal Academy sits in judgment over all paintings received through the length and breadth of the country and the painters who receive recognition at the hands of the Royl Academy flourish, both in reputation and in money.

As long as we cannot have a separate Academy for science or philosophy, we should bring together all great scientists or philosophers of our country within the fold of the Academy and should not, therefore, include only *belles-lettres* men.

Before I conclude, I would like once more to stress the necessity for the establishment of such an institution in our country in the interests of the culture and civilisation we boast of, and of which we are natural inheritors, being the present-day citizens of the world at large. I invite the great literary men, scientists, philosophers and other numerous readers of your journal to come forward with their suggestions and help in the building-up of the Indian Academy which is still in the dreamland of Dr. Guha-Thakurta.

189, Durgabari Lane
Meerut Cantt.
27th May 1934

Yours Truly,
ABANI NATH ROY.

Reviews

[*We shall be glad to review books in all Indian languages and in English, French, and German. Books for review should reach the office at least SIX WEEKS in advance of the day of publication of the Journal.*]

ENGLISH

India and Java (Greater India Society Bulletin No. 5). Part I (History), By Dr. Bijan Raj Chatterjee; Part II (Inscriptions), By Drs. Bijan Raj Chatterjee and Niranjan Prasad Chakravarti. Calcutta.

The Greater India Society, Calcutta, has to be congratulated on the publication of this useful bulletin relating to the history of India and Java. The first part is a revised edition of an earlier work entitled *Indian Culture in Java and Sumatra* (1927), ably prepared by Dr. Bijan Chatterjee who is an authority on subjects relating to Indonesia. In this part, the author has ' availed himself of his knowledge of the Dutch sources to revise and bring up-to-date the subject-matter of the first edition '. And in this Prof. N. J. Krom's authoritative work, the *Hindoe Javaansche Geschiedenis*, has been particularly useful to him. In this edition we have three new chapters, *viz.*, (1) Fall of the last Hindu kingdom of Java, (2) The Mahabharata and the Wayang in Java, and (3) Tantrism in Cambodia, Sumatra and Java. The second part is new and consists of Sanskrit inscriptions from Java, Sumatra and Borneo, ' lands of originally alien tongues and peoples but afterwards completely transfused by contact with the superior culture of India '. These inscriptions were collected by Dr. B. R. Chatterjee and have been edited and translated in this part by Dr. N. P. Chakravarti, Assistant Epigraphist to the Government of India. While a majority of these inscriptions come from Java (West Java, Central Java and Eastern Java) some hail from Borneo, the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra.

Ancient Java possessed no history even as ancient India did not. As Dr. Vogel remarks, ' there is no account whatever of those mercantile and missionary relations between India and Java which have left such lasting traces in the culture

of that island. In the whole gigantic literature of ancient India, both Sanskrit and Pali, there is but a single mention of Java, which occurs in the fourth *canto* of the Ramayana. The epigraphical records, which to a certain extent must supply the want of historiography, do not throw any light on the early relations between India and the Archipelago, with the exception of a few copperplate charters of the Chola Dynasty'. Since Dr. Vogel wrote there has been much research done on the subject, and the results of this as well as the earlier researches, though fruitful on the side of art and architecture, have much to tell us on the side of history also, as they have helped considerably to reconstruct the 'Hindu-Buddhist period of Javanese history' in the following manner stated herein briefly :—

Ptolemy (150 A.D.) calls Java 'Jabadieu' or the island of barley. The earliest epigraphic records known are from Borneo which have been assigned to the fourth century A. D. They are in Sanskrit language while the script closely resembles the Pallava Grantha script of South India and of the earliest epigraphy of Champa and Kambuja. The next series of inscriptions, also in the Pallava Grantha script, are from West Java and have been assigned to 450 A. D. They refer to King Purnavarman of Taruma-nagara, an ancient city that has been located near Batavia. The visit of the Chinese pilgrim Fa-Hien to Java, driven by storm, was in about 413 A. D., when the island knew very little of the Buddha's law. Indeed the introduction of Buddhism here was not earlier than 423 A.D., when a Kashmir prince, Gunavarman, took upon himself the glorious task of preaching that religion here. Later on he went to China. For three centuries since then we get no inscriptions, but Chinese annals however do the duty of history, for they tell us of a kingdom called *Lan-ga-su* in N. W. Java and of another called *Kalinga* in Central Java, while W. Java is almost forgotten. The first dated record however is found in Central Java, and comes from Janggal. It is a Saiva record dated Saka 654 (732 A. D.), speaking of sage Agastya's home in South India and is written in Pallava Grantha script while its language is ornate Sanskrit. In the next dated record discovered at Dinaya and bearing the date Saka 682 (760 A. D.) we find the local Kavi script while the language is still Sanskrit. Kavi gradually replaced the Pallava Grantha in Java. This record shows also that the cult of Agastya was prevalent in Java. In the last quarter of the eighth

century A. D. the maritime kingdom of Srivijaya in Sumatra, whose rulers were the glorious Sailendras who followed Mahayana Buddhism, held sway over Central Java. The inscriptions of these Sailendras both in Central Java and in Sumatra are written in a North Indian script which is closely akin to the Pala inscriptions of Nalanda. Srivijaya was noted about this time as a famous seat of learning and as a centre of commerce, while the relations between the Palas of Magadha and the Sailendras were happy and cordial. The wonderful *stupa* of Borobudur and other lovely temples and sculptures of this period in Central Java testify to the high artistic taste of these Sailendras.

From an inscription dated 785 Saka (863 A. D.) written in Kavi, we get to know that Hindu princes who were devotees of sage Agastya won back Central Java from its Mahayanist overlords. The descendants of Agastya are said in this record to have settled in the isle. Of these Hindu kings of the restoration period we get to know of two, Daksha, who probably built the Prambanam group of temples, and Wawa. The latter was ruling over East Java and was administering Central Java with the aid of a governor. With the end of Wawa's reign we hear very little of Central Java.

Mpoo Sindok, a minister of Wawa, established a powerful kingdom in East Java and a dynasty of his own. The famous Erlangga (1035 A. D.) was the son of a princess of this dynasty. He was a patron of Kavi literature. It was in his time that the Mahabharata and the Ramayana were rendered into Kavi verse. Soon after his death the kingdom got divided into parts, one of which, the principality of Kediri, had famous rulers such as Varshajaya, Kamesvara and Jayabaya (1100-1155 A. D.) under whose patronage the Kavi works such as Sumanasantaka, Krishnayana, Smara-dahana, Harivamsa, Bharata-yuddha etc., were composed and under whose vigilance trade flourished, Javanese boats plying between Madagascar on the west and the Chinese coast on the east. In the first part of the 13th century Ken Arok conquered Kediri, made himself the master of Singasari and creating a kingdom of that name made it the most powerful state in Java. This happened in 1220 A.D. Krtanagara, (1268-92 A.D.) the fourth in descent from him, was ambitious and attempted a conquest of Borneo, Bali and Sumatra, but was killed in battle by the chief of Kediri. Vijaya, the son-in

law of Krtanagara, founded in 1294 A.D., the kingdom of Majapahit. His daughter, Jayavishnuvardhani, who succeeded him began the conquest of the Archipelago in 1343 A. D., while her son Hyam Wuruk, who came to the throne in 1350 A. D. expanded the kingdom of Majapahit considerably. From two Kavi chronicles, the *Nagarkrtagama* and the *Pararaton*, the former of which was composed in the court of Hyam Wuruk himself, we learn that the kingdom of Majapahit extended to New Guinea on the east and to the Philippine islands on the north, while Srivijaya, Kedah, Singapore, etc., were included in the list of dependencies. As for religion and art of this period we get to know that both Buddhism and Hinduism were patronised by the king and that Javanese art, 'best studied in the temple of Panataran, was coming more and more under Polynesian influence'.

After Hyam Wuruk, the kingdom decayed and a princess of Champa, wife of Krtavijaya, one of the last rulers of Majapahit, favoured Islam (1448 A. D.) with the result that Sumatra, Java and the Malay peninsula were being gradually brought over to Islam. While tradition attributes the fall of the kingdom to Vijaya V, who died fighting the Muslims in 1478 A. D., recent research would seem to suggest that 'it was a Hindu prince, Ranavijaya of Kediri, who dealt the death-blow to Majapahit in 1478 A. D.' and in 1513 A. D. we find the Hindu king of Java seeking Portuguese alliance.

The work under review is a valuable contribution on the subject of the history of India and Java, which no student of the subject can do without. The authors have done their respective tasks very ably and in a manner that does credit to their scholarship and wide learning.

T. N. RAMACHANDRAN

Indian Women and Art in Life.—By Kanaiyalal H. Vakil, B.A., LL.B. (D. B. Taraporewala Sons & Co., Bombay. Price, Rs. 2.)

This is, in the main, a reproduction of Mr. Vakil's address on Indian art delivered at the Bombay session of the All-India Women's Conference some years ago. Mr. Vakil is an enthusiastic advocate of certain phases of present-day Indian art, particularly as it obtains in Bombay and Western India. He contends that the art movement in India

has, for too long, been the concern of 'exclusive coteries' of worshippers who fail to see the intimate connection between art and the daily life of the nation. According to him, attention ought to be diverted from the archaic and the antique in Indian art, to the actual work of the rising artists in every province. And they must be freed from the trammels of convention. Art should pervade every department of the nation's life as it once did,—beautify our homes and surroundings, our fashions in dress, and our festive gatherings. In all this, the women of India can play a great part. 'The women of India, if they so determine, can assist substantially art in India towards its reconstructive, or rather progressively positive, phase of vitality and growth. They can stop its provincial and ego-centric decadence and raise it to its legitimate status, not less international than interprovincial.' The book is beautifully got-up and illustrated with examples of Indian painting, sculpture, and dance.

Mr. Vakil's antipathy to Mr. E. B. Havell and his disciples in Bengal amounts almost to an obsession. Like King Charles's head, it turns up on every page and detracts from the value of an otherwise excellent book.

K. R.

SANSKRIT

Manameyodaya.—A primer on *Mimamsa* by Narayana Bhatta. Text in Devanagari, with English Translation, Introduction and Notes: By Dr. C. Kunhan Raja and Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, M.A., B.Sc., Readers in Sanskrit and Philosophy, Madras University. (The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar. Price, Indian Edition Rs. 5; Foreign Edition Rs. 6).

The Manameyodaya is an excellent manual on the theory of knowledge and ontology of the Bhatta School of *Mimamsa.* Though there are many small works treating of the *Mimamsa,* there are very few which succinctly and clearly set forth the philosophy of the *Mimamsa* system; and for this one has to go to the elaborate and difficult works like the *Sloka Vartika* of Kumarila and the *Tarka-pada* of *Sastra-dipika* or to the works on Advaita, on the principle that the Advaitins mainly follow Kumarila in this respect, '*Vyavahare Bhattanayah*'. It is very praiseworthy of the Editors to have made this work

available for the non-Sanskrit-knowing students of Indian Philosophy.

The work consists of two parts, the first dealing with the means of valid knowledge written by Narayana Bhatta, well-known Malabar poet and philosopher of about the latter half of the 16th century, and the second dealing with the categories written by a scholar of the same name. The treatment of the subject is in the classic style of stating the principles in brief *karikas*, then expounding them, discussing and refuting the views of other schools in prose comments. The different topics are comprehensively dealt with in lucid language without any of the cumbersome elaboration of the scholasticism of the 16th and subsequent centuries.

The English translation of the work is accurate and reliable, and the language simple and flowing. The translation is conveniently printed at the bottom of each page for easy reference. The value of this critical edition is greatly enhanced by the detailed table of contents, comparative table of *Pramanas* and categories, lists of doctrinal differences, glossary of words, and brief notes at the end which further elucidate the more difficult and obscure points. It is surprising to find such a model edition as this should have, like the one in the Trivandrum Sanskrit Series, omitted to give an index of the *karikas* occurring in the text. The *karikas* in the present text are not even numbered !

A. SANKARAN, M.A., Ph.D.

The Bhamati of Vachaspati-Chatussutri.—Edited with an English Translation by Mr. S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, M.A., B. Sc and Dr. C. Kunhan Raja, M.A., D. Phil., Readers in Philosophy and Sanskrit, Madras University. With a Foreword by Sir S. Radhakrishnan. (Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar).

The *Bhamati* of Vachaspati is the reputed and learned commentary of the versatile philosopher, Vachaspati-misra on the *Sariraka Bhashya* of Sri Sankara and represents the basic work of one of the three schools that arose as followers of Sri Sankara's *Advaita*, *viz.*, the *Bhamati Prasthana.* The present text of the *Bhamati-Chatussutri* forms the most important portion of the work that is ordinarily studied by all traditional students of *Advaita* and it is now presented for

the first time to the non-Sanskrit-knowing students of Indian Philosophy with an English Translation, Introduction and Notes.

The text adopted here is the same as that of the Srirangam edition, but the editors have also utilised two other manuscripts of the Adyar Library and have adopted some readings from them, wherever they were found preferable *e.g.*, on p. 49 where *pravartante* is preferred to the singular *pravartate*, which is the reading in all printed editions. Though the adoption of this reading violates the elementary principle of sentence-construction *viz.*, that a pronoun that is the subject of a sentence must have for its antecedent only the subject of the previous sentence and not the object, yet there is justification for the reading in that it makes the meaning clearer and is in greater consonance with what follows.

The Editors have had the benefit of suggestions and criticism from Mahamahopadhyaya Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastri, but on p. 122, the reading of an important quotation from the Nyaya Sutra '*Budhi siddham tu tad asat*' properly identified by the learned Professor is wrongly read by the Editors with a negative particle as in the printed books, even though the emendation has the support of the *Kalpataru* and is warranted also by the context. The Editors in their explanatory notes at the end discuss the merits of the two readings but have exercised their discretion wrongly in preferring the bad reading, resorting indiscriminately to the law of parsimony, unmindful of the demands of the context.

However the text as presented here is genuine. The translation has been made with the utmost care and is true to the original. Considering the difficulties of the *Bhamati* text, it must be said that the translators have made an achievement worthy of any scholar. The even more scholarly part of the work is to be found in the learned Introduction and the brilliant Notes at the end of the work. In the former are clearly set forth the distinctive tenets of the Vachaspati School, Vachaspati's indebtedness to Mandana and his differences with other commentators, particularly Padmapada, the author of the *Panchapadika*. There are also occasional comparisons with the views of Western philosophers which will be of great interest to the modern student. It may be noted in passing that the Editors' criticism of the doctrine of Jivanmukti as illogical is not convincing, though in this

matter, it may be mentioned, they have the support of a great dialectician of *Advaita*, Gouda Brahmananda Sarasavati. In the scholarly Notes are elucidated historical, textual and doctrinal points which could not be made clear in a mere translation. (*e.g.*, see notes 22, 27, 31, 51, 54, 65, 119, 132, 137, 138, *etc.*). These notes are quite essential or we may even say that they are much more necessary and useful than a mere translation for the proper understanding of philosophical treatises bristling with technicalities which are likely to lead astray the scholar of limited or one-sided knowledge. As examples, may be cited *Prakarantara* (p. 297) and *Nioyga* or *Apurva* (p. 303). The notes are very copious and full, revealing the superior scholarship of the Editors and their great attention, care and eagerness to make the work as well understood as possible.

The printing and get-up of the book are excellent. The learned Editors have, by this publication, rendered distinguished service to Indian philosophical studies and have earned the gratitude of all students of Indian Philosophy.

A. SANKARAN, M.A., Ph.D.

TELUGU

Andhra Ritu-Samharam.—By G. V. Subrahmanyam, B. A. (Andhrapatrika Office, Madras. Price As. 8.)

'It is for love of the beautiful that I have translated Kalidasa's poem, not from pride of scholarship', says the author. But scholarship in Sanskrit and Telugu is as much in evidence here as love of beauty. His style is a happy blend of the Sanskrit *samasa* and sweet Telugu idiom.

The *Ritu-Samhara* is believed to be the earliest of Kalidasa's poems ; in it are seen the first sproutings of that love of Nature which flowered into perfection in his later works. Mr. Subrahmanyam calls attention to this development and proves it by apt quotations. Translation of a poet like Kalidasa is indeed more difficult than original production in Telugu, as the reader is excessively critical at every turn, and inclined to disparage the efforts of a mere modern. Mr. Subrahmanyam has done his work with considerable skill. He deserves the encomiums showered on him by the Press, and by Mr. K. Nageswara Rao in his Introduction.

We wish the author a brilliant literary career, for he has begun well.

K. R.

Hampi Kshetramu.— By Kodali Venkata Subba Rao, B.A. and K. Sivayogananda Rao. (K. Sivaramakrishna Rao, Andhrapatrika Office Madras. Price As. 10.)

This great work of the late lamented Subba Rao (along with his uncle Sivayogananda Rao) represents the flowering of his genius and patriotism. That 'style is the man' is amply illustrated throughout these poems. The rough exterior of Subba Rao tempered by his innate charm and affection attracted his friends while he lived; so too does his poetry now. The poet standing on the ruins of Hampi, and recalling in a picturesque and thrilling manner the departed glories of the city, gives us a vivid glimpse into the past. There is life and energy in every line, and surpassing wealth of imagination. Thought and language are so well poised, that the poet may be deemed to have set at rest the conflict of theories about form and substance in poetry. Historic personages like Vidyaranya, Rama Raya and Tirumala are portrayed in a unique manner; Subba Rao does not hesitate to describe Tirumala Raya as a coward while historians generally prefer to be silent.

'Nirankusah Kavayah' ('Poets are unshackled') was the reply given to me once by Subba Rao when I pointed out to him the use of certain words and of incorrect prosody. Even in these poems we find colloquial expressions, but they enhance the beauty of the whole, and in every instance they have a special significance, justifying the above reply.

Inscrutable are the ways of God. Just at a time when Subba Rao was winning recognition as a poet of rare promise, he was snatched away. It was left to his friend and colleague Mr. Viswanatha Satyanarayana, M.A. to collect the poems and give the poet a chance of eternal life.

C. J.

REVIEWS

MARATHI

Arvacheen Marathi Vangmay Sevak: G. D. Khanolkar.—(Bombay, Price Rs. 2-4.)

Mr. Khanolkar's handbook on modern Marathi writers fulfils a long-standing need of a good reference book of modern Marathi authors, and the very fact that it has at once been recognised as a standard book on the subject must speak of this volume a great deal. An alphabetical index of the names of the more prominent writers is an useful addition.

Vihangam: Editor, Y. M. Phatak, Congress Nagar, Nagpur.—(Monthly. Rs. 3 a year.)

Vihangam is a bright young thing in Maharashtra's growing and popular journalistic ventures. It is a very good miscellany of light and serious Marathi literature and most young writers have found their way into this journal. The controversy regarding payment to writers is interesting and one would like to know how Maharashtra's writers and publishers are going to solve it. The journal, one is told, is a new venture and the first of its kind in the Central Provinces. But Mr. Phatak must try to improve the exterior of his magazine and give up using the rather unnecessary and meaningless display of types and ink in his pages. For one thing, such a process hurts the eye of the reader, and artistically it is absurd. Nor must Mr. Phatak encourage the publication of third-rate amateurish sketches in pen and ink and the display of cheap cinema illustrations which, one is afraid, definitely spoil the general get-up of a good publication.

R. L. RAU

KANNADA

Matagati Mattu Itara Kathegalu.—By 'Ananda'. (Bangalore, Rs. 0-12-0).

This is a fine collection of five short stories written by 'Ananda', one of our distinguished short story writers. It is accompanied by a brilliant foreword from 'Srinivasa', the godfather of the short story and of many other things in Kannada. There is also a panegyrical lyric by Mr. D. R. Bendre forestalling the text.

'Ananda's' short stories have always a minuteness and perfection of technique, a chiselled grace and chastity of language, an even and enchanting flow of narrative which it is hard to find anywhere else. There is a lyrical sweetness inherent in the theme and the treatment, which renews the beauty of many of his stories every time.

Technically considered, all the five stories are stories of incident. This is not to say that they belong to a smaller category. A story of character is not better than a story of incident simply because it is a story of character. There is much more of characterisation in Shakespeare's romantic comedies of incident than in Ben Jonson's 'eccentric' comedies of character. The thing to be grasped is the *life* that the starting-point of incident or character yields to the writer. And there is immense life in each of these stories. It almost spreads its mantle over the technique itself.

The stories are beautiful because of this mantle of life which they wear with grace. They have also misled certain critics of their technique on this account. 'The Girl I Murdered' and 'Life' are not stories of character. The *Baswi*, the courtesan and the other characters are only types made to live for the moment in order to display the essential glamour which the situations had for the writer. This is done so well that the types are almost individualised; and we are also made to look beyond the incident and the characters to the society which is full of problems similar to those depicted in the stories. In 'A letter from his wife', sympathetic humour and subtle irony are made to enliven the charming situation. Though 'The enchantress' is intensely and predominantly lyrical in its psychological details, it would not have been a short story but for the final hint that the lady of his dream was the heroine of a fine painting. 'The Horseman in the sky' is a fine adaptation of a famous American short story with the same title.

'Ananda' has an artist's vision of life; he has also the artist's gift of expression.

V. K. Gokak

Opinion of

Sir C. V. Raman, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., N.L.

I have entrusted with the Indian Photo-Engraving Company the making of line- and half-tone blocks to illustrate the scientific articles appearing in the Proceedings of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science. As our illustrations are intended to assist in the understanding of new scientific results, it is of the utmost importance that the reproductions should be clear and accurate. I may say at once that the work of the Indian Photo-Engraving Company has fully come up to our requirements.

C. V. Raman

25th May 1926

A CHORUS OF FELICITATIONS

I greatly appreciate your self-sacrificing labours for conducting your periodical, *Triveni*. It is, what you call it, really a journal of Indian Renaissance. It is a fine specimen of our cultural enterprise.

SJT. RAMANANDA CHATTERJEE, Editor, *The Modern Review*, Calcutta.

Justly claims to be the organ of the Indian Renaissance movement. Excellent periodical which richly merits generous response as the exponent of all that is best and noblest alike in ancient and modern Indian culture.

SJT SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA, Editor, *The Hindustan Review*, Patna.

Triveni, an admirable quarterly run by men whose fervent nationalism is beyond question Anyone who wishes to know what Indian Literature is doing today, will do well to subscribe to *Triveni*.

The Spectator, London.

. the fine quarterly* *Triveni*, a publication devoted to Indian Letters, and in general a model of catholic editing.

The Times Literary Supplement.

* *Triveni* is not a quarterly. It is published *six times* a year.

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ALL ALONE